

SPRING

VOL. 6 — NO. 2

4MOST

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4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

This issue of 4MOST features the old favorites, "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," and "The Cadet," and introduces a new story, "Lem the Grem."

Lem's a sly little fellow who insists on putting ideas into people's heads and words into their mouths. The result is often a combination of double-talk and double-take.

Mainly Lem is interested in helping people who think about doing things but never actually get down to the doing. He's the gamest gremlin go-between we've ever seen.

We'd like you to look "Lem the Grem" over and to let us know what you think of the story. Many of you are already familiar with "Candid Charlie" and "Grover and Bonnie," two other stories that have appeared in 4MOST. If you prefer "Lem the Grem" to either or both of these, drop us a line.

Dick Cole gains two new friends in this issue, a blind boy and Wolf, his seeing-eye dog. Plucky Will Hansen and the dog really steal the show, but Dick is more than happy to have it that way. "Where there's a Will there's a Wolf," says Dick of a sterling combination.

We hope you'll enjoy the combination 4MOST offers for springtime reading. But — don't let spring fever stop you from writing us your opinions.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I think 4MOST comics are the best comics published. Dick Cole appeals to me more than any other comic character.

It would be grand if there could be a radio program of Dick and Simba. Even more, I'd like to see a movie made of Dick and his Farr Academy friends and enemies. I believe every other 4MOST fan would like it, too.

A 4MOST fan,
Harrell Davis
Dallas, Texas

A "Dick Cole" radio program was heard in a number of cities throughout the country, Harrell. The movie idea sounds good. Perhaps Dick will get the nod from Hollywood one of these days. * * *

Dear Editors:

When the trashy contents of some comic books were brought to my attention, I banned several from my children. I almost did the same with the Summer '46 issue of 4MOST when I saw the pugnacious cover picture. But I idly turned the pages and decided that your magazine contained clean, wholesome adventure. Of course, I wouldn't read it—I have no time for funnies. But before I realized what I was doing, I found myself chuckling over "Candid Charlie."

It was generous of 4MOST to give lessons in cartooning. How I would have appreciated that when I was a youngster!

I shall not forbid my children to read 4MOST.

Truly yours,
Laura Riggs
Eugene, Oregon

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Mrs. Riggs. * * *

Dear Editors:

I am usually on time for my copy of 4MOST. But when I went to the store to get the Fall issue, it had been sold out. So I decided to trade another comic for a copy of 4MOST. When I finally persuaded a friend to give up her copy of 4MOST, I had to pay ten cents beside. I did not get the better part of the bargain, but I was quite satisfied with the results.

I like "Candid Charlie" very much,

as photography is my favorite hobby.

Your fan,
Maureen McMahon
Buffalo, N. Y.

Sorry you had to swing a deal like that for 4MOST, Maureen. We hope the store will have future issues on tap when you call. * * *

Dear Editors:

Let me congratulate you for the fine work done on the cover of the Fall issue of 4MOST. It was an ideal cover for the opening of the football season; the colors were just right and everything looked pretty realistic.

I also think the stories were outstanding. Eddie Bell's inventions, too, were especially keen.

Won't you please publish 4MOST every month? It's the only comic magazine I've really always liked.

Most 4MOSTingly yours,
Ralph Servolino
Warren, R. I.

Have you seen BLUE BOLT and TARGET, Ralph? Both these magazines feature some familiar 4MOST faces. * * *

Dear Editors:

I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the fifth grade. I enjoy your 4MOST comics very much. My favorites are "Dick Cole" and "The Cadet." My brother is fourteen years old, and he enjoys reading them also. We have a race every afternoon to see who gets the comic books first.

Sincerely yours,
Delphene Schmidt
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Who comes out first and 4MOST in those races, Delphene? * * *

Dear Editors:

I like 4MOST very much because it stresses sportsmanship. It also only contains stories of swell guys who fight for their rights and the rights of others. 4MOST handles everything just the way people like to see it done.

Yours truly,
Kippy Koss
Des Moines, Iowa

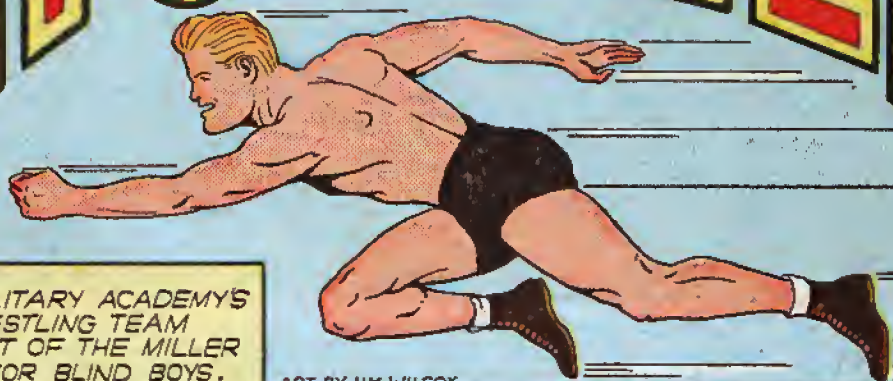
Too much can never be said about sportsmanship, Kippy. It's one of the factors that has made our country the livable land it is today.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

DICK COLE



FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S CRACK WRESTLING TEAM MEETS THAT OF THE MILLER ACADEMY FOR BLIND BOYS. DESPITE THEIR HANDICAP,

ART BY JIM WILCOX.

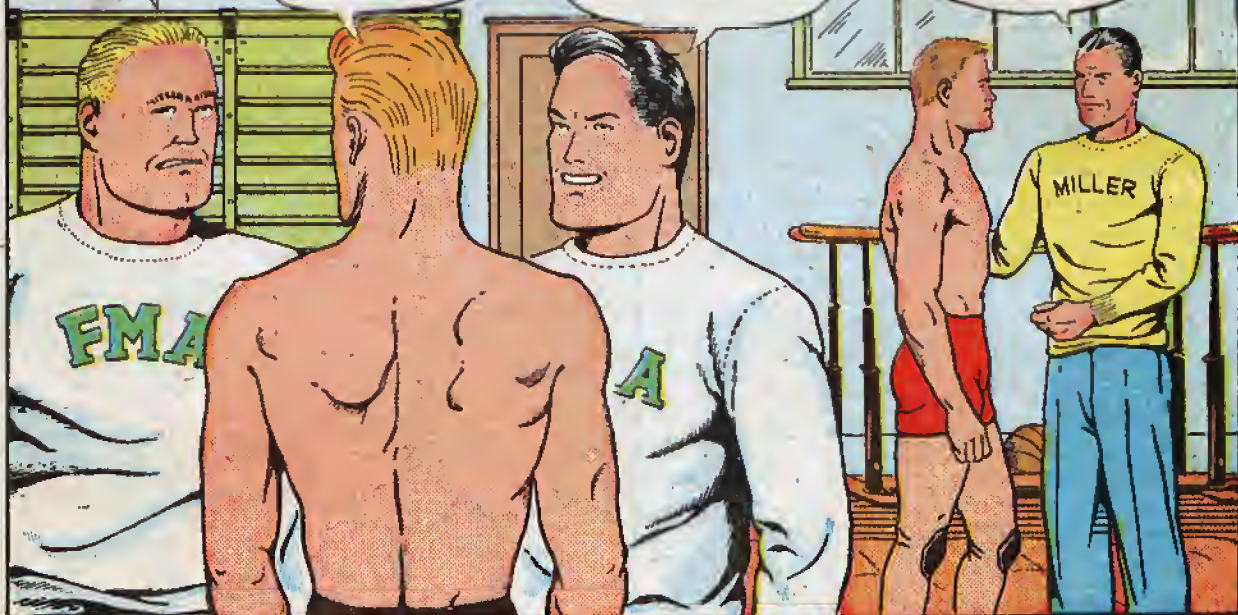
THE SIGHTLESS YOUTHS PROVE TO BE EXPERT GRAFFLERS. AS DICK COLE OF FARR CONFRONTS WILL HANSEN OF MILLER IN THE FINAL MATCH, TENSION IS HIGH FOR THE SCORE IS ALL TIED AT 27-27.

LOOK, DICK. DON'T EASE UP JUST BECAUSE HE'S BLIND.

DON'T WORRY, SIMBA. THESE GUYS DON'T WANT CONCESSIONS. THEY DON'T NEED 'EM.

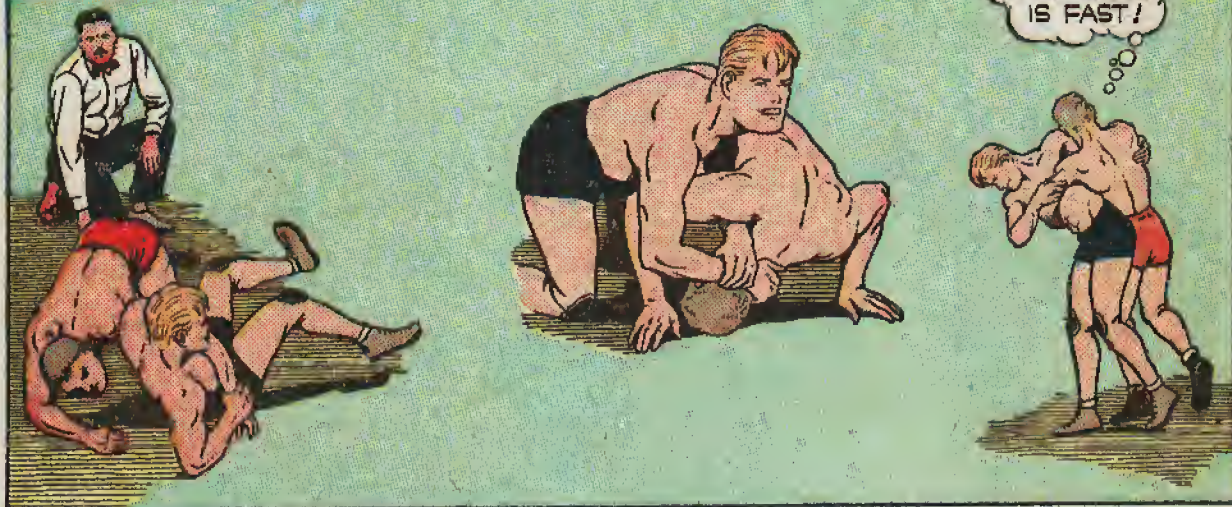
WILL HANSEN'S THEIR BEST MAN. ONE MISTAKE AND HE'LL TIE YOU UP LIKE A PRETZEL, DICK!

YOUR OPPONENT IS DICK COLE, A TOUGH MAN. BUT YOU ARE TOUGH TOO, WILL. GOOD LUCK!



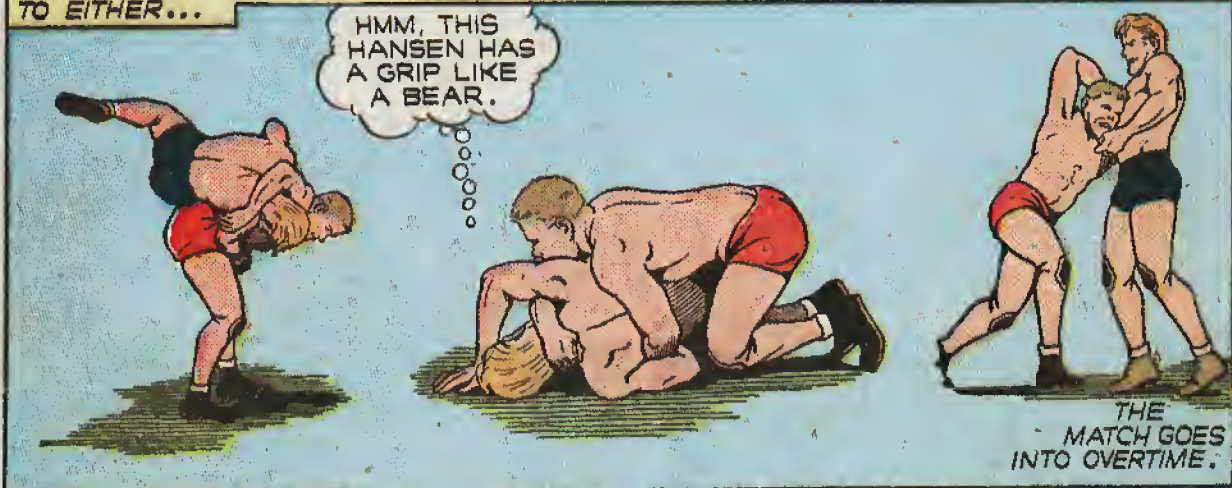
Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
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THE MATCH IS ON...



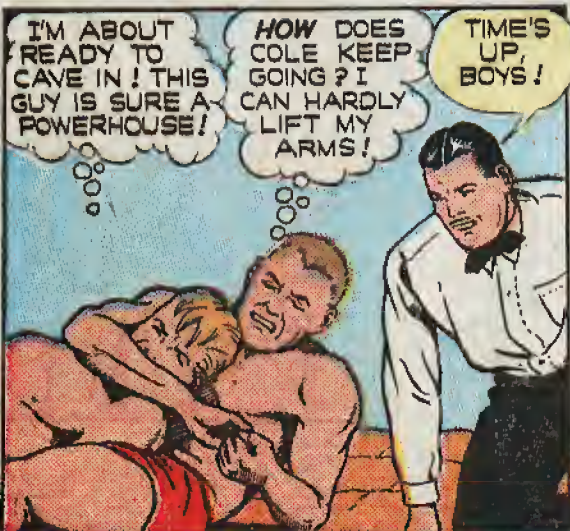
WHEW, BUT THAT COLE IS FAST!

IT IS A SEESAW BATTLE, EACH BOY USING EVERY HOLD HE KNOWS, WITH NO ADVANTAGE TO EITHER...



HMM, THIS HANSEN HAS A GRIP LIKE A BEAR.

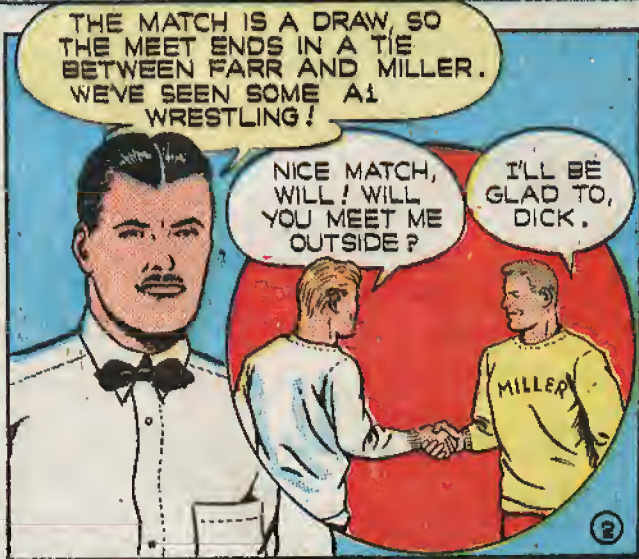
THE MATCH GOES INTO OVERTIME.



I'M ABOUT READY TO CAVE IN! THIS GUY IS SURE A POWERHOUSE!

HOW DOES COLE KEEP GOING? I CAN HARDLY LIFT MY ARMS!

TIME'S UP, BOYS!



THE MATCH IS A DRAW, SO THE MEET ENDS IN A TIE BETWEEN FARR AND MILLER. WE'VE SEEN SOME A1 WRESTLING!

NICE MATCH, WILL! WILL YOU MEET ME OUTSIDE?

I'LL BE GLAD TO, DICK.

LATER, OUTSIDE THE GYM.

HELLO, DICK.
COME HERE AND
MEET WOLF, MY
SEEING-EYE
DOG.

SURE
THING.

HE'S
CERTAINLY
A HANDSOME
DOG, WILL!

HE'S A
GREAT PAL! I'D
BE HELPLESS
IN THE STREETS
WITHOUT HIM.

YOU JUST SAID HE'S
HANDSOME. SOME DAY
I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE
HIM...I HOPE.

THEN YOU
HAVE A
CHANCE TO
REGAIN YOUR
SIGHT, WILL?

A MIGHTY
SLIM CHANCE!
I NEED A VERY
DELICATE
OPERATION.

THERE'S ONLY ONE
BRAIN SURGEON IN THE
COUNTRY WITH THE SKILL
AND EXPERIENCE TO
TRY IT... DOCTOR
TITCH... HE WON'T
DO IT!

WHY
.. WHY
NOT?

I DON'T KNOW. HE'S
HOLED UP ON AN
ISOLATED FARM AND
REFUSES TO LEAVE IT.
I SUPPOSE I'LL BE
BLIND THE REST OF
MY LIFE UNLESS
HE CHANGES HIS
MIND.

IT ISN'T FAIR FOR
A SWELL FELLOW
LIKE WILL TO
SUFFER BECAUSE
A DOCTOR RE-
FUSES TO DO
HIS JOB!

BY THE WAY,
WILL, WHERE
IS THIS
DOCTOR TITCH
HOLED UP?

HE'S AT
THE PERKMAN
FARM ON HOPETON
TURNPIKE, NOT
FAR FROM THE
CROSSROADS.

I HAD EXPECTED TO DISCUSS WRESTLING HOLDS, WILL, BUT I'M AFRAID IT IS ABOUT TIME FOR THE BUS BACK TO FARR. I'LL SEE YOU SOON AGAIN.

SORRY YOU HAVE TO LEAVE, DICK, AND I HOPE WE HAVE ANOTHER VISIT BEFORE TOO LONG.

DICK HURRIES OFF TO THE FARR BUS.

WELL, HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT DOC TITCH IS GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

NEXT WEEK END, DICK OBTAINS A PASS AND, AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY, LOCATES THE REMOTE FARM WHERE DR. TITCH IS STAYING.

AH, THAT MUST BE IT.

AS DICK STEPS ONTO THE PORCH, THE DOOR OPENS AND...

GET OUT! VISITORS ARE NOT WANTED HERE!

BUT I'M LOOKING FOR DR. TITCH. HE'S WANTED FOR AN IMPORTANT OPERATION.

I AM DR. TITCH! I WON'T TALK ABOUT OPERATIONS, MUCH LESS DO ONE! SO YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! NOW... GO!

PLEASE, DR. TITCH. WON'T YOU RECONSIDER AND HELP A SWELL GUY WHO IS BLIND!

PLEASE WAIT, SIR. YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HELP MY FRIEND!

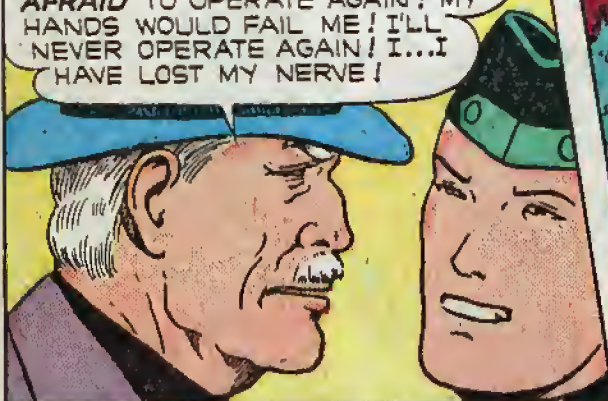
THAT'S NONSENSE! LET GO OF ME! I'M GOING FISHING!

YOU SEE, YOUNG MAN, FISHING IS ALL I'M GOOD FOR NOW!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, SIR! YOU WERE, YOU ARE A GREAT SURGEON...THE GREATEST!

FOR SOME MINUTES THEY WALK ON IN SILENCE UNTIL THEY REACH A SMALL STREAM...THEN...

MY LAST THREE PATIENTS DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE. I'M AFRAID TO OPERATE AGAIN! MY HANDS WOULD FAIL ME! I'LL NEVER OPERATE AGAIN! I...I HAVE LOST MY NERVE!



AND NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME, WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE?

I'M SORRY, SIR. ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO. GOOD-BYE.



RELUCTANTLY, DICK LEAVES.

TITCH HAS LOST HIS GRIP, BUT IF HE COULD SEE HOW WILL FIGHTS HIS HANDICAP, HE MIGHT SNAP OUT OF IT! I'M GOING TO BRING WILL OUT HERE TOMORROW. HE MIGHT BE GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE DOC!

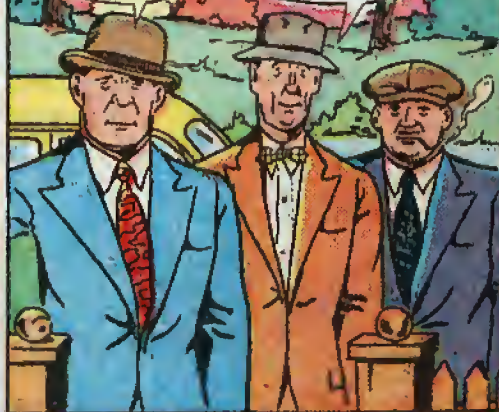


NEXT DAY ANOTHER CALLER INVADERS THE SURGEON'S RETREAT...NONE OTHER THAN FIDDLER FINN, THE NOTORIOUS GANGSTER OF PROHIBITION DAYS.

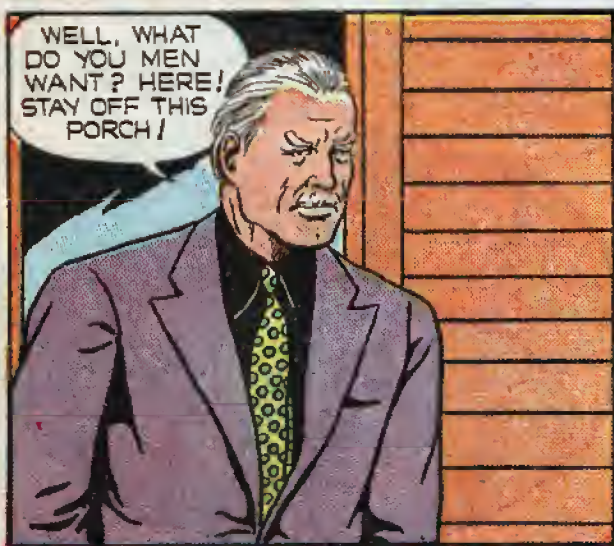


IS THIS THE PLACE, RED?

YEAH, AND THERE'S THE DOC ON THE PORCH.

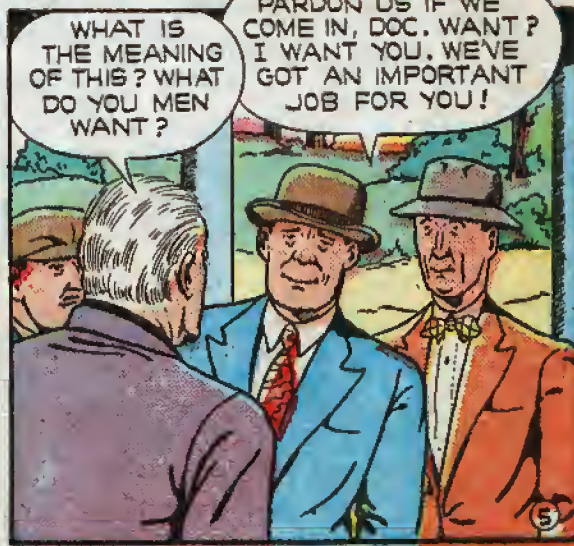


WELL, WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT? HERE! STAY OFF THIS PORCH!

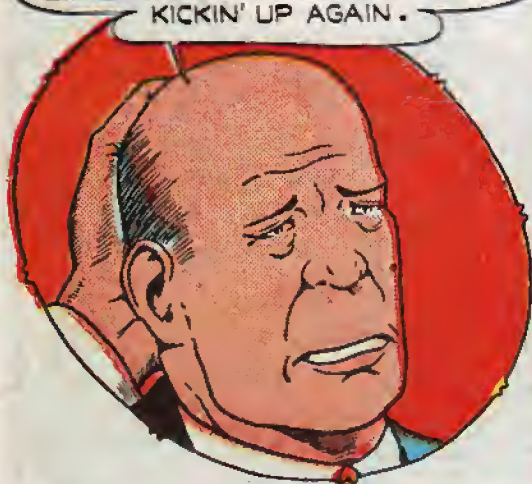


WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT?

PARDON US IF WE COME IN, DOC. WANT? I WANT YOU. WE'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU!

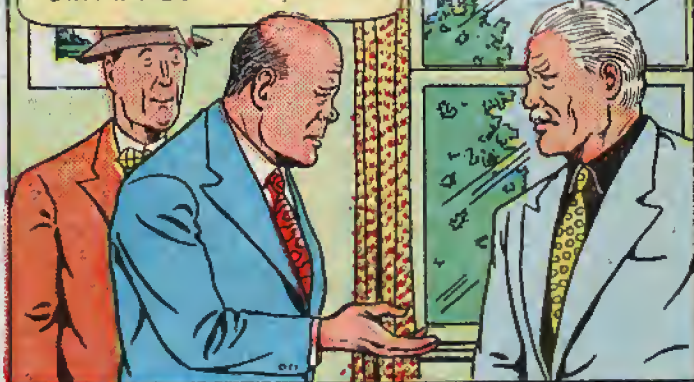


DOC, I GOT SLUGGED YEARS AGO
IN A MOB FIGHT. IT MUSTA PRESSED
SOMETHIN' ON MY BRAIN. IT'S
KICKIN' UP AGAIN.



SOMETIMES I SEE DOUBLE.
OTHER TIMES THINGS SORTA
HOP AROUND AND THERE ARE
SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES. I GET
AWFUL HEADACHES AND DIZZY
SPELLS. IF IT KEEPS UP, I'M
GONNA GO NUTS, DOC!

SORRY,
MISTER, BUT
THE CASE
DOESN'T
INTEREST
ME.

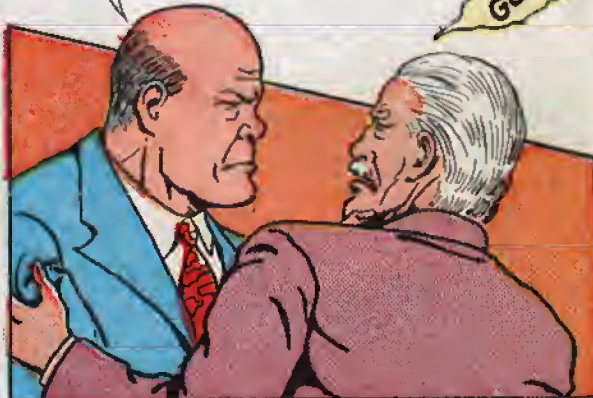
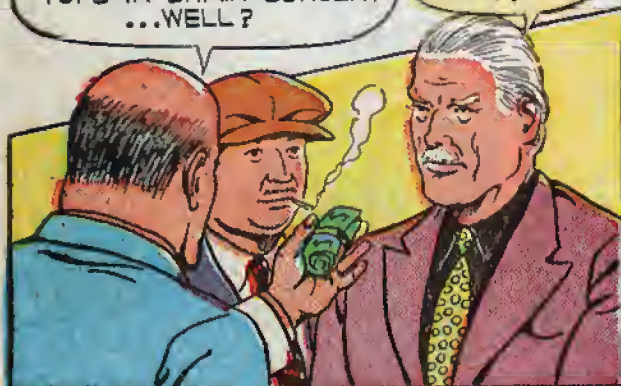


LOOK! I'M RETIRED AND
RESPECTABLE. NOW, HERE'S
A GRAND FOR A STARTER.
YOU GOTTA OPERATE ON
ME! THEY SAY YOU'RE
TOPS IN BRAIN SURGERY
...WELL?

I DON'T
WANT YOUR
MONEY! I
CAN'T... I
WON'T DO
IT!

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK,
SAWBONES! DON'T FORCE **ME**
TO "OPERATE," 'CAUSE WHEN
I DO, MY PATIENTS
ALWAYS CROAK!

GA-AGH
GULK...

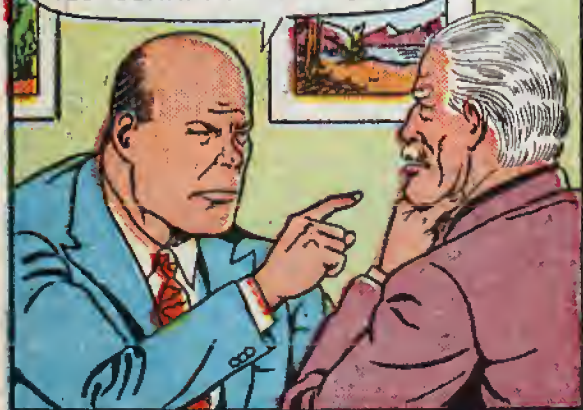


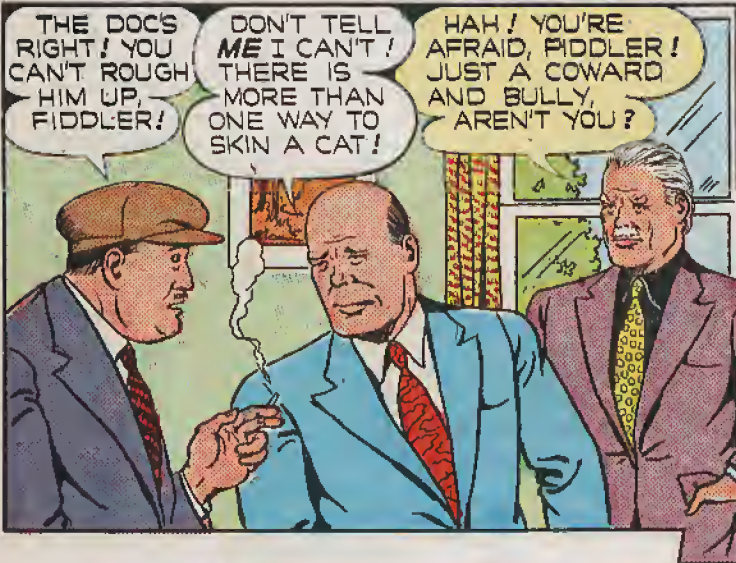
THAT'S JUST A STARTER,
JUNIOR! MY BOYS STILL KNOW
HOW TO MAKE A CHUMP
DANCE TO THE TUNE THE
FIDDLER PLAYS. NOW, ARE
YOU GONNA DO THE JOB?

**NO! I
AM NOT!**

OKAY, BOYS.
WORK HIM
OVER JUST
LIGHTLY!

STOP! YOU AREN'T
GOING TO HURT ME... YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO, BE-
CAUSE THEN I **COULDN'T**
OPERATE!





THE DOC'S
RIGHT! YOU
CAN'T ROUGH
HIM UP,
FIDDLER!

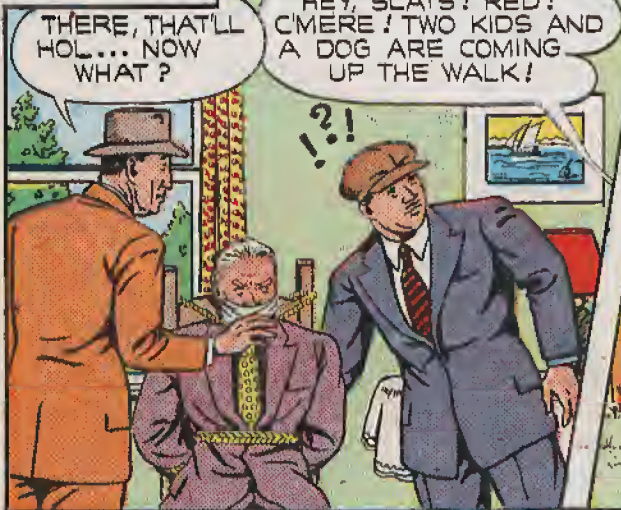
DON'T TELL
ME I CAN'T!
THERE IS
MORE THAN
ONE WAY TO
SKIN A CAT!

HAH! YOU'RE
AFRAID, FIDDLER!
JUST A COWARD
AND BULLY,
AREN'T YOU?



YOU BET I'M AFRAID! AFRAID
I'LL END UP IN THE BOOBY
HATCH! AND IF I DO, IT'LL BE
YOUR FAULT! GRAB HIM, BOYS,
AND TIE HIM IN THAT CHAIR!
THEN WE'LL SEE!

THE DOCTOR IS NO MATCH FOR THE TWO EX-
GANGSTERS.



THERE, THAT'LL
HOL... NOW
WHAT?

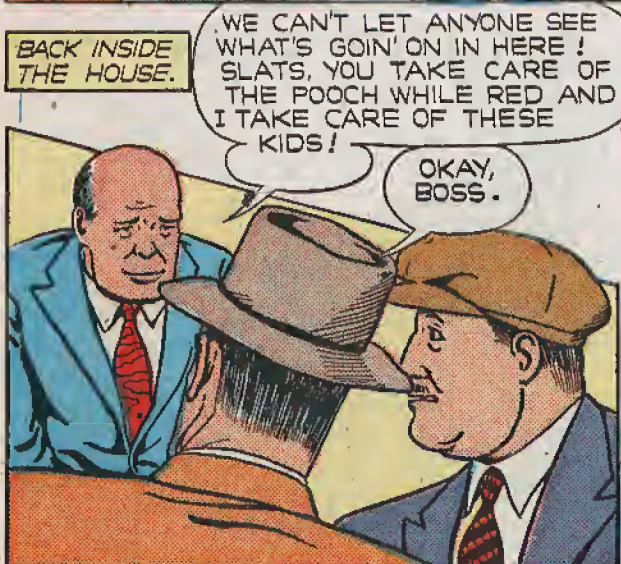
HEY, SLATS! RED!
C'MERE! TWO KIDS AND
A DOG ARE COMING
UP THE WALK!



AND COMING UP THE WALK ARE DICK,
WILL, AND WOLF!

I HOPE HE'S HOME,
WILL, AND THAT WE
CAN PERSUADE HIM TO
CHANGE HIS MIND
ABOUT
HELPING
YOU.

GOSH!
SO DO I,
DICK!



BACK INSIDE
THE HOUSE.

WE CAN'T LET ANYONE SEE
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE!
SLATS, YOU TAKE CARE OF
THE POOCH WHILE RED AND
I TAKE CARE OF THESE
KIDS!

OKAY,
BOSS.



WELL, HERE GOES...
AH, HE'S AT HOME.
YOU AND WOLF GO
IN FIRST.

COME
IN!

THE TWO BOYS
AND THE DOG
ENTER...

WELCOME!

JUST
LIKE OLD
TIMES!

GOTCHA,
YOU
MUTT!

YIPE!

I'LL GUARD TITCH WHILE
YOU TWO STOW THE DOG
AND KIDS IN THAT
SHACK OUT BACK.

I THINK
IT'S AN ICE-
HOUSE, BOSS..IN
WHICH CASE IT'LL
KEEP 'EM NICE
AND FRESH.

B-R-R-R! THEY'RE
TIED UP AND WILL
STAY PUT. B-R-R-R!
LET'S GO AND
REPORT TO
FIDDLER.

GR-R-R!

IT'S AN ICEHOUSE,
BOSS. BETTER NOT
LEAVE 'EM THERE
TOO LONG..SURE TO
FREEZE. B-R-R!

HOW YA
GONNA MAKE
DOC PLAY
BALL, FIDDLER?
GIVE HIM A
HOT FOOT?

HOT FOOT?
THAT GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!
OH,
BOY!

RED, GO GET ME A CHUNK OF ICE
AND A LARGE BASIN. DOC WON'T
GET A HOT FOOT...INSTEAD, WE'LL
GIVE HIM A CASE OF COLD FEET.
HE'LL HELP ME...OR ELSE!

OKAY,
FIDDLER.

SOON..

WELL, DOC,
I HOPE THE ICE
IS AS COLD AS
IT'S CRACKED
UP TO BE!

YOU IDIOT!
FREEZE
AWAY...I'LL
NEVER HELP
YOU AFTER
THIS!

WHILE FIDDLER BAITS TITCH, RED AND SLATS GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM.

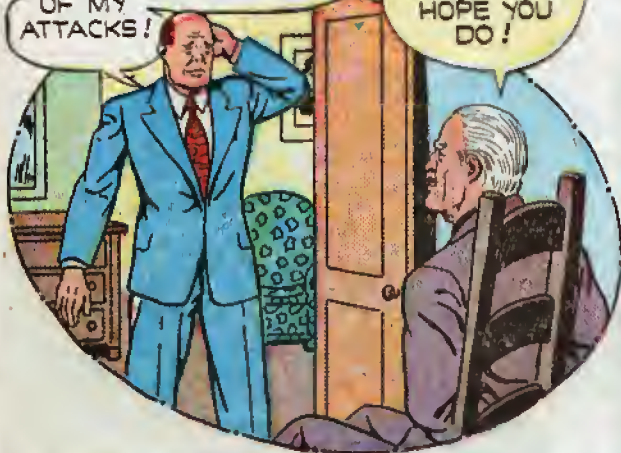
THAT FREEZE BUSINESS CAN GO ON FOR A LONG TIME...AND IT MAKES ME NERVOUS. I GOT FROST BIT ONCE, RED-BAD.

I GETCHA. I'M FIDGETY, TOO. HERE, HAVE A PILL. IT'LL QUIET YOUR NERVES.



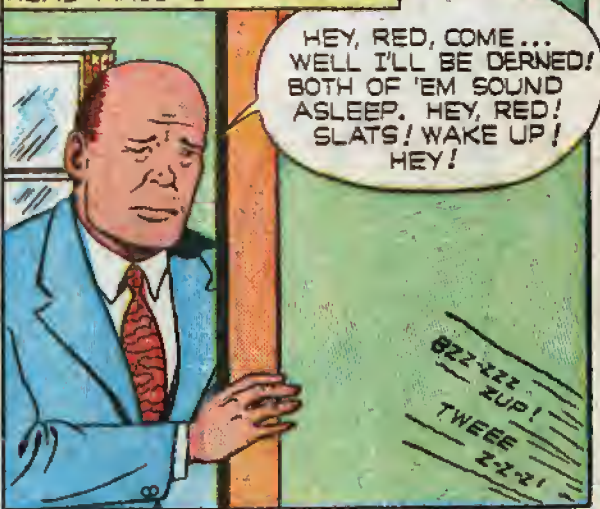
I CAN'T WAKE 'EM UP! OF ALL TIMES FOR THEM TO CONK OUT ON ME! WHAT IF I GET ONE OF MY ATTACKS!

THAT WOULD BE FINE...I HOPE YOU DO!



MINUTES LATER, FIDDLER POKES HIS HEAD AROUND THE DOOR.

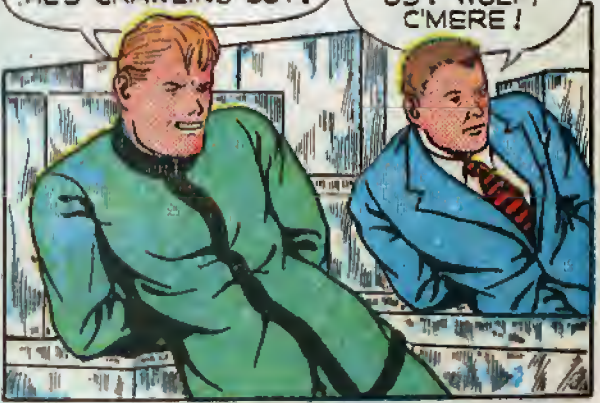
HEY, RED, COME... WELL I'LL BE DERNED! BOTH OF 'EM SOUND ASLEEP. HEY, RED! SLATS! WAKE UP! HEY!



MEANWHILE THE COLD HAS REVVED DICK AND WILL.

BR-R-R! HEY, WILL! WOLF HAS CHEWED A HOLE IN THE COVER! HE'S CRAWLING OUT!

BR-R-R! NOW HE CAN FREE US! WOLF, C'MERE!



ATTA BOY, CHEW HARD, WOLF! GOOD BOY! THE ROPES ARE COMING LOOSE! GOOD WOLF!

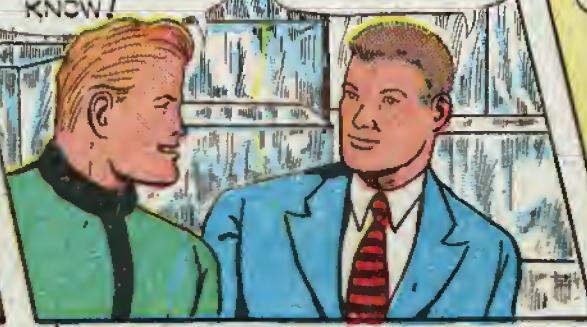
FINALLY, WILL IS FREE, AND HE IN TURN FREES DICK.

WILL, I'VE A HUNCH THOSE GUYS GOT US OUT OF THE WAY SO THEY COULD GIVE DR. TITCH THE WORKS. JUST WHY, I DON'T KNOW!

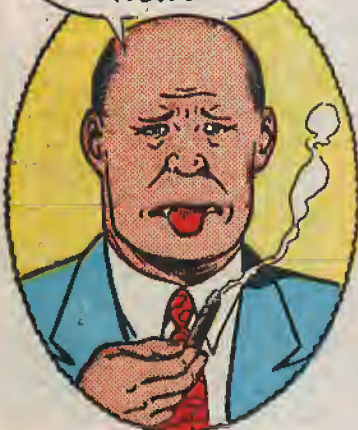
IT'S LOGICAL, DICK. COME ON. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP THE DOCTOR. BUT WE BETTER BE CAREFUL.

BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE..

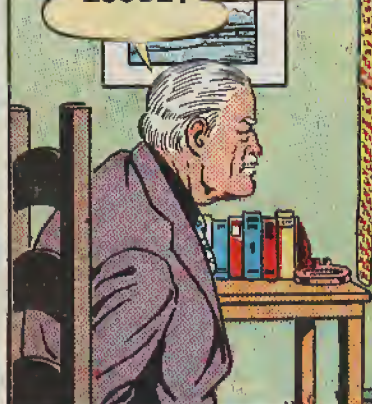
ULP! MY HEAD ACHES AWFUL! DRAT THAT DOCTOR..WORSE THAN A MULE! OOH! MY HEAD...MY NERVES! MAYBE A SMOKED HELP!



BLAAH! I FEEL WORSE! I OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO SMOKE **NOW!**



YOU! CUT ME LOOSE AND GET ME OUT OF THIS ICE! YOU'RE SICK, MAN! PUT DOWN THAT CHEROOT! LET ME LOOSE!

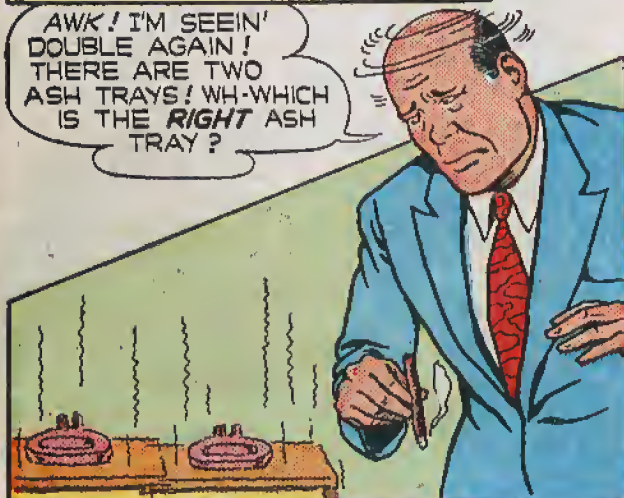


OOH! PUT DOWN CHEROOT ...GOOD, GOOD ...IDEA!

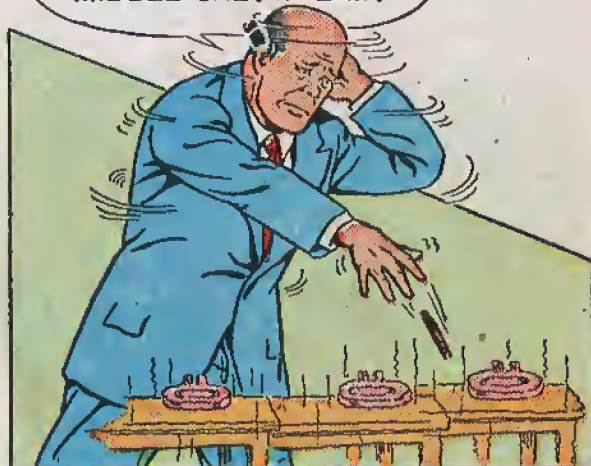


FIDDLER SPOTS AN ASH TRAY.

AWK! I'M SEEIN' DOUBLE AGAIN! THERE ARE TWO ASH TRAYS! WH-WHICH IS THE **RIGHT** ASH TRAY?



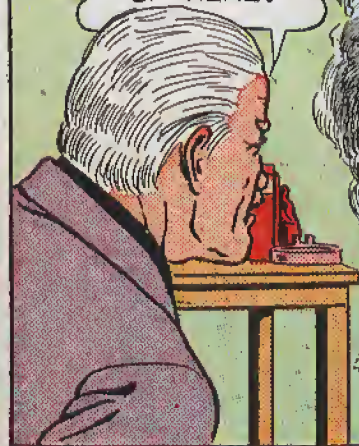
NOW...NOW...**THREE** ASH TRAYS! IT MUST BE THE MIDDLE ONE..YES, THE **MIDDLE ONE!** THERE!



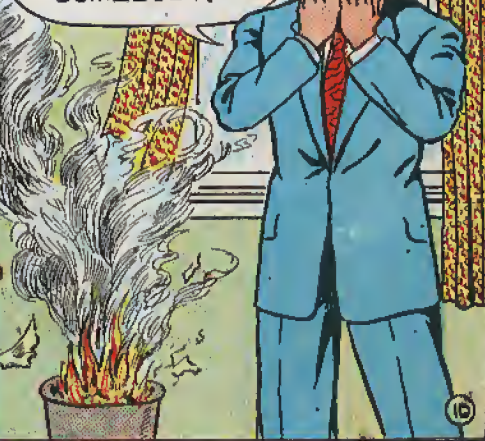
BUT FIDDLER HAS PICKED THE WRONG ASH TRAY. THE CIGAR MISSES THE TABLE, DROPS INTO THE WASTEBASKET... AND QUICKLY THE WASTEPAPER IGNITES...FLARES UP AND FIRES THE WINDOW CURTAINS!

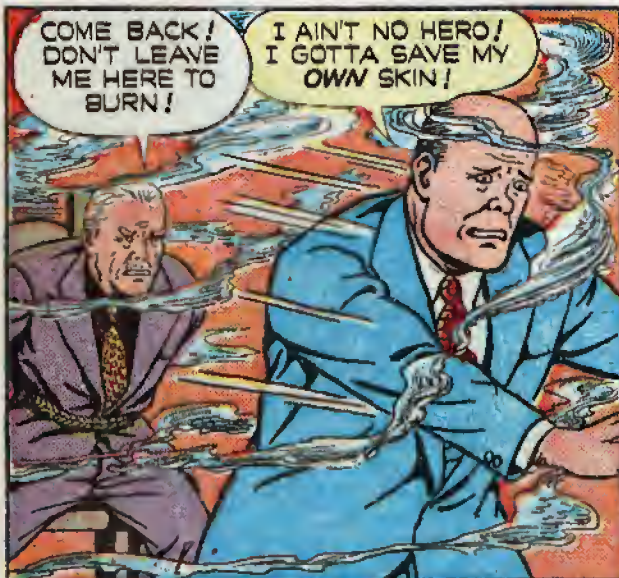


GREAT SCOTT! THE WALLS ARE CATCHING! DO SOMETHING, YOU DOLT! GET ME OUT OF HERE!



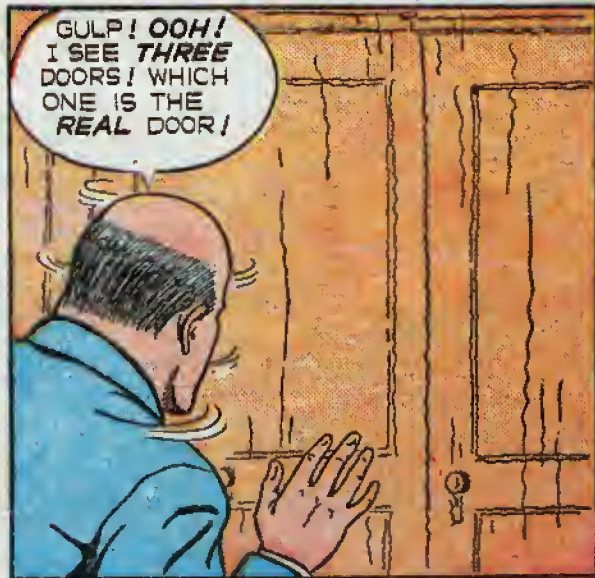
OOOH! I SEE SPOTS! I'M DIZZY ...HELP ME! HELP, SOMEBODY!



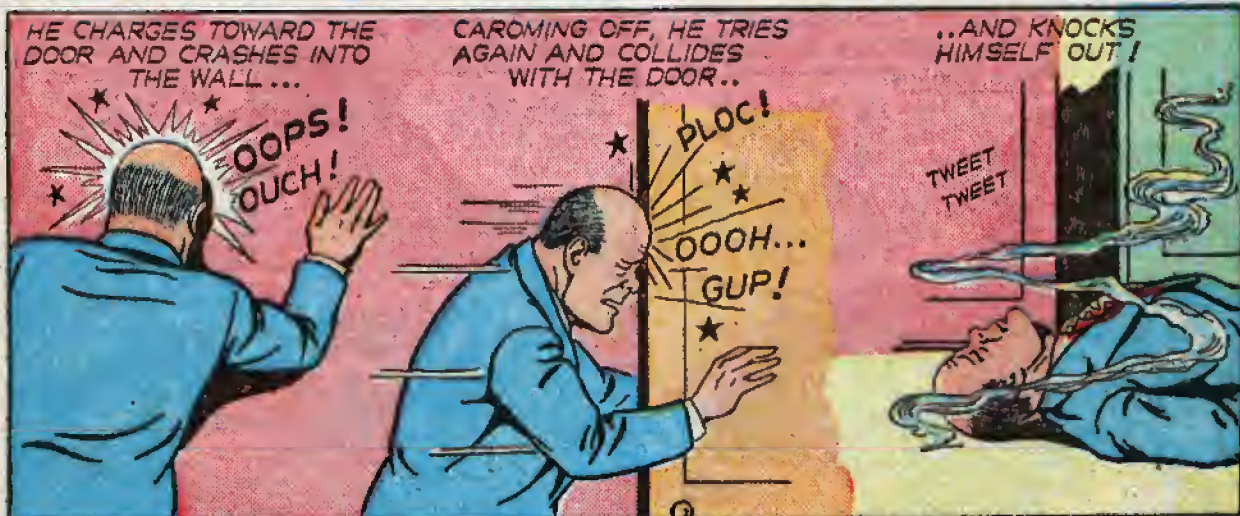


COME BACK!
DON'T LEAVE
ME HERE TO
BURN!

I AIN'T NO HERO!
I GOTTA SAVE MY
OWN SKIN!



GULP! OOH!
I SEE **THREE**
DOORS! WHICH
ONE IS THE
REAL DOOR!



HE CHARGES TOWARD THE
DOOR AND CRASHES INTO
THE WALL...

CAROMING OFF, HE TRIES
AGAIN AND COLLIDES
WITH THE DOOR..

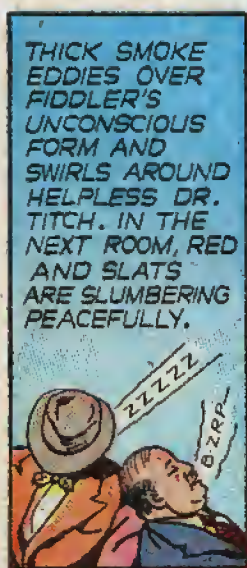
..AND KNOCKS
HIMSELF OUT!

OOPS!
OUCH!

PLOC!

OOOH...
GUP!

TWEET
TWEET

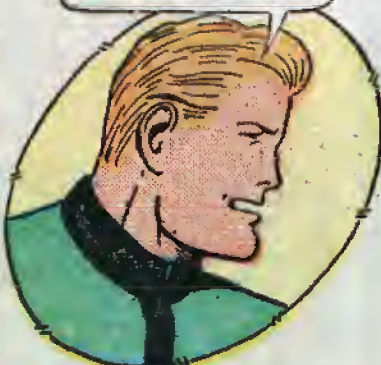


THICK SMOKE
EDDIES OVER
FIDDLER'S
UNCONSCIOUS
FORM AND
SWIRLS AROUND
HELPLESS DR.
TITCH. IN THE
NEXT ROOM, RED
AND SLATS
ARE SLUMBERING
PEACEFULLY.

ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ

AND OUTSIDE...

WILL,
LOOK! THE
HOUSE IS AFIRE! I DON'T
SEE A SOUL...THEY MUST
BE TRAPPED INSIDE! I'VE
GOT TO HELP! STAY
HERE, WILL!



NOT A CHANCE! WOLF
AND I ARE GOING WITH YOU!
WOLF IS MY EYES, AND YOU
MAY NEED US! LEAD
ON, DICK! GOOD
BOY, WOLF, LET'S
GO!

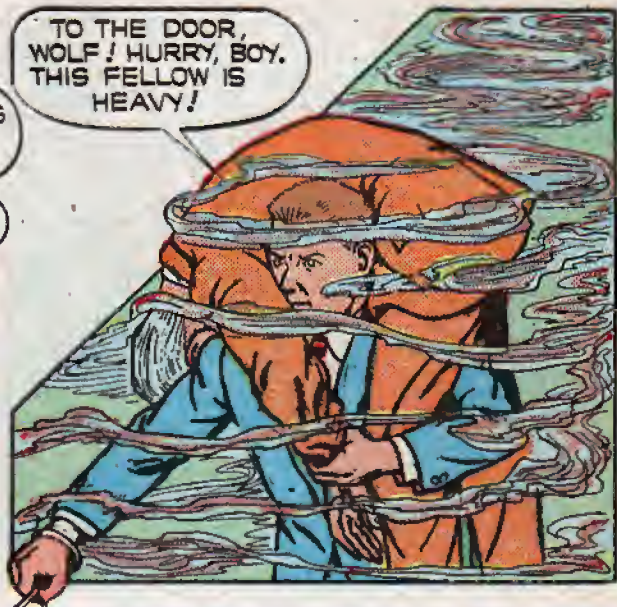


THE BOYS DASH INTO THE HOUSE, AND INTO THE ROOM WHERE THE TWO THUGS SNORE. DICK GRABS RED...

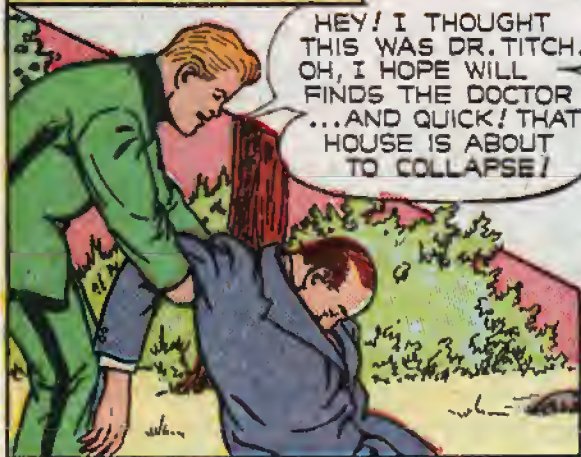


WILL IS HANDLING THE OTHER ONE OKAY (COUGH). REMARKABLE WHAT A WILL AND A WOLF CAN DO (COUGH).

TO THE DOOR, WOLF! HURRY, BOY. THIS FELLOW IS HEAVY!

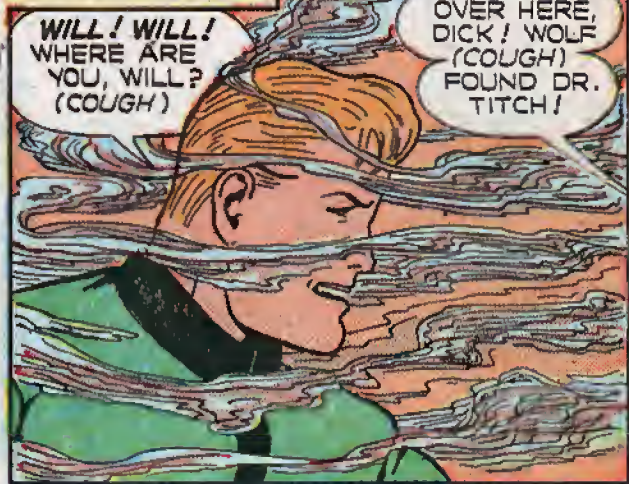


DICK DEPOSITS RED ON THE GROUND, HASTENS BACK AND BRINGS FIDDLER INTO THE OPEN AIR...



HEY! I THOUGHT THIS WAS DR. TITCH! OH, I HOPE WILL FINDS THE DOCTOR ...AND QUICK! THAT HOUSE IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE!

LEAVING FIDDLER, DICK DASHES INTO THE HOUSE AGAIN...

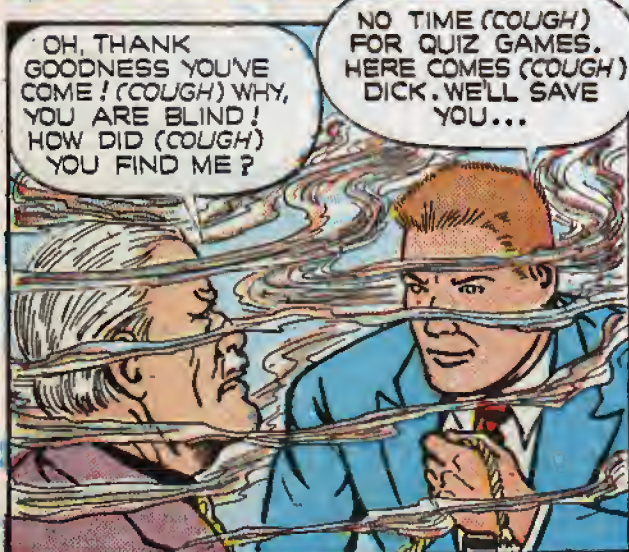


WILL! WILL! WHERE ARE YOU, WILL? (COUGH)

OVER HERE, DICK! WOLF (COUGH) FOUND DR. TITCH!

OH, THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE COME! (COUGH) WHY, YOU ARE BLIND! HOW DID (COUGH) YOU FIND ME?

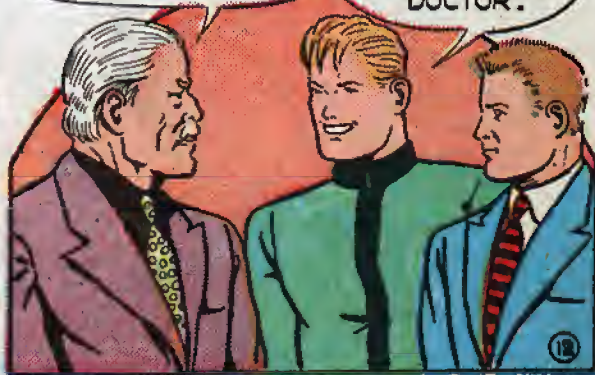
NO TIME (COUGH) FOR QUIZ GAMES. HERE COMES (COUGH) DICK. WE'LL SAVE YOU...



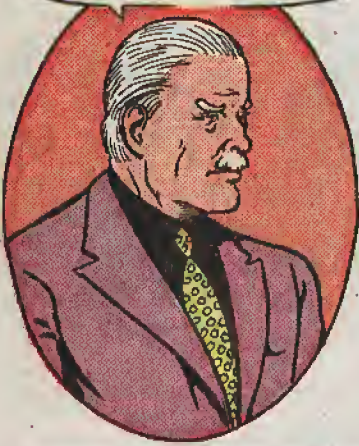
THE BOYS HELP THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE HOUSE..

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BRAVERY, AND BY A BLIND BOY AND HIS DOG!

THIS IS THE BOY I WANTED YOU TO HELP, DOCTOR.



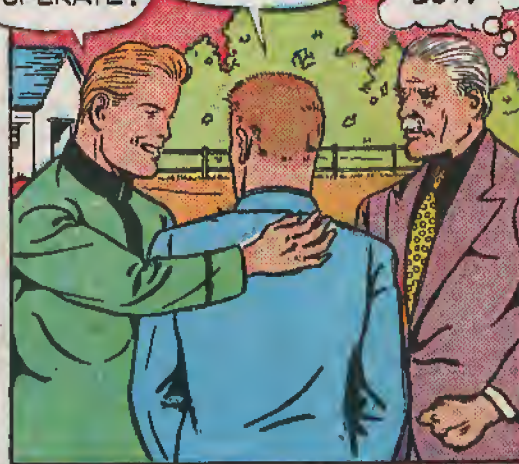
HE IS? WELL! YOUNG MAN, I'VE MADE A DECISION... I'M GOING TO HELP YOUR FRIEND!



WILL! DR. TITCH IS GOING TO OPERATE!

GOSH! GOLLY! OH, THAT IS WONDERFUL!

I CANNOT, I WILL NOT FAIL THIS BOY!

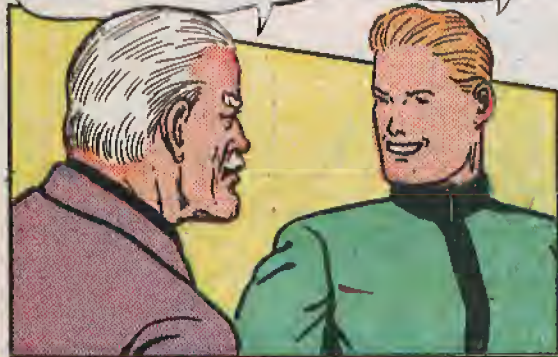


GEE, I'M SCARED! MY ONE BIG CHANCE, WOLF, AND YOU CAN'T HELP ME THIS TIME! I'LL HAVE TO GO IT ALONE, BOY!

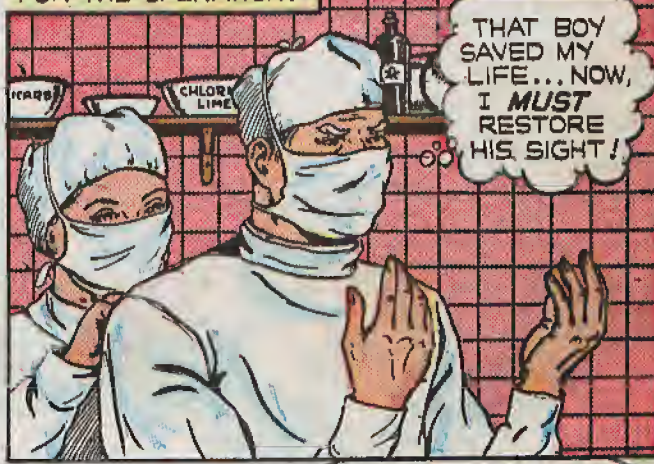


YOUNG MAN, THE CONSTABLE LIVES IN THE SECOND HOUSE UP THE ROAD. I SUGGEST YOU GET HIM BEFORE THESE THUGS COME TO.

GLAD TO, DOCTOR. KEEP AN EYE ON THEM. I'LL BRING HIM RIGHT BACK.

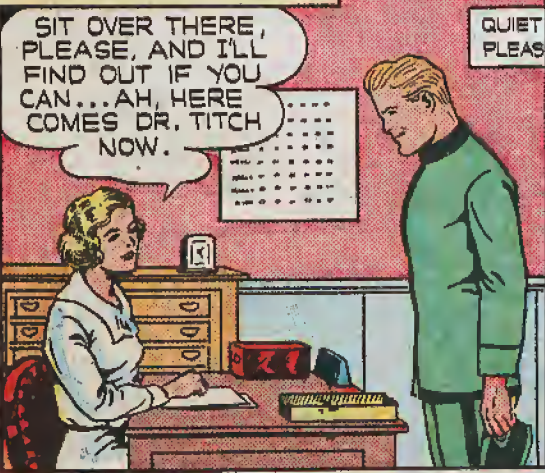


A WEEK PASSES AND THEN WILL IS TAKEN TO CITY HOSPITAL. DR. TITCH NERVES HIMSELF FOR THE OPERATION.



THAT BOY SAVED MY LIFE... NOW, I MUST RESTORE HIS SIGHT!

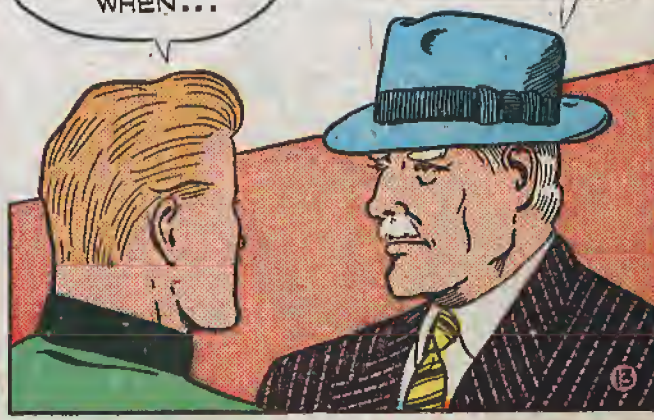
ANOTHER WEEK, AND DICK HURRIES TO THE HOSPITAL...

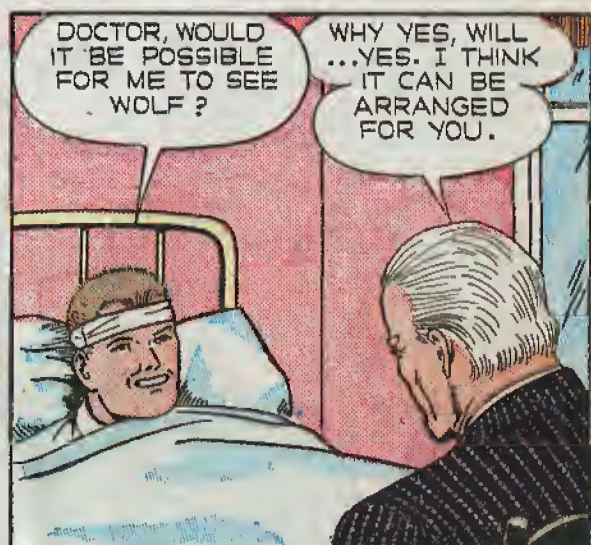
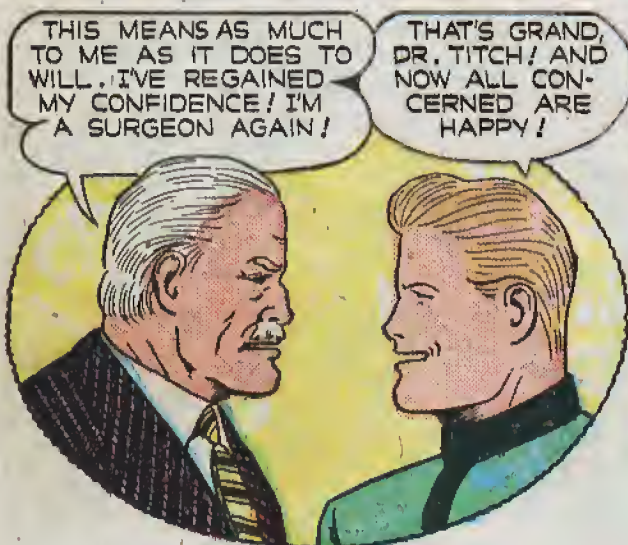
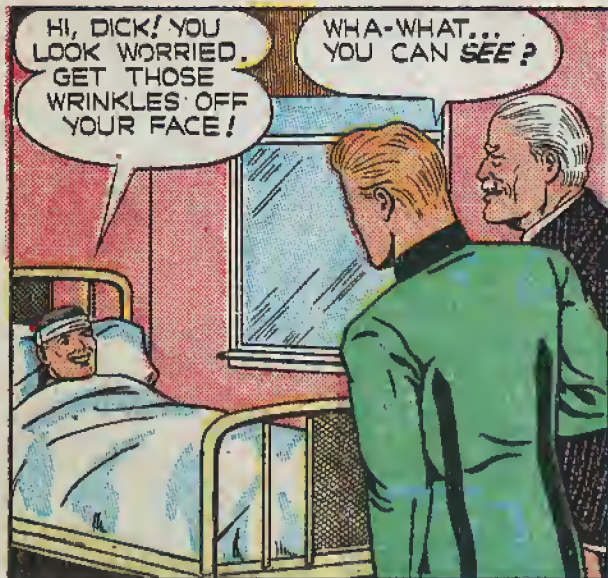


SIT OVER THERE, PLEASE, AND I'LL FIND OUT IF YOU CAN... AH, HERE COMES DR. TITCH NOW.

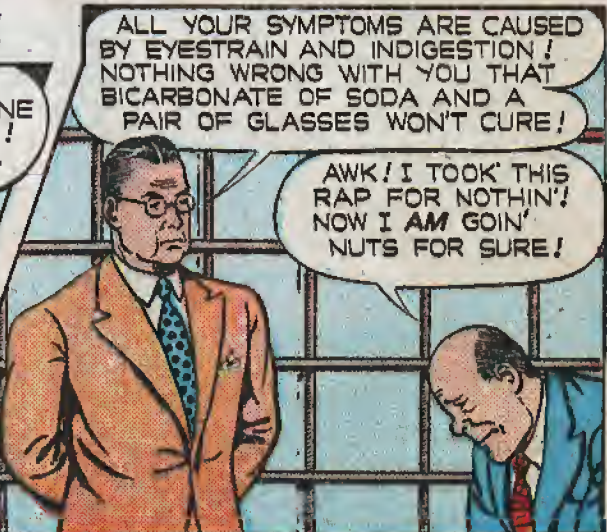
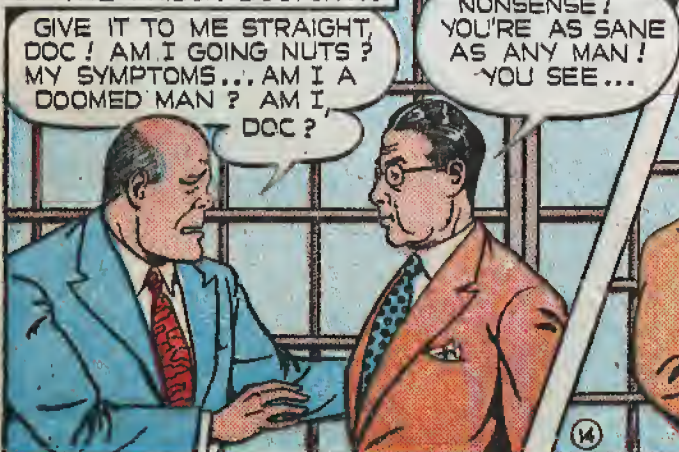
DOCTOR, HOW IS HE? WILL HE SEE AGAIN? IS-IS HE ALL RIGHT? WHEN...

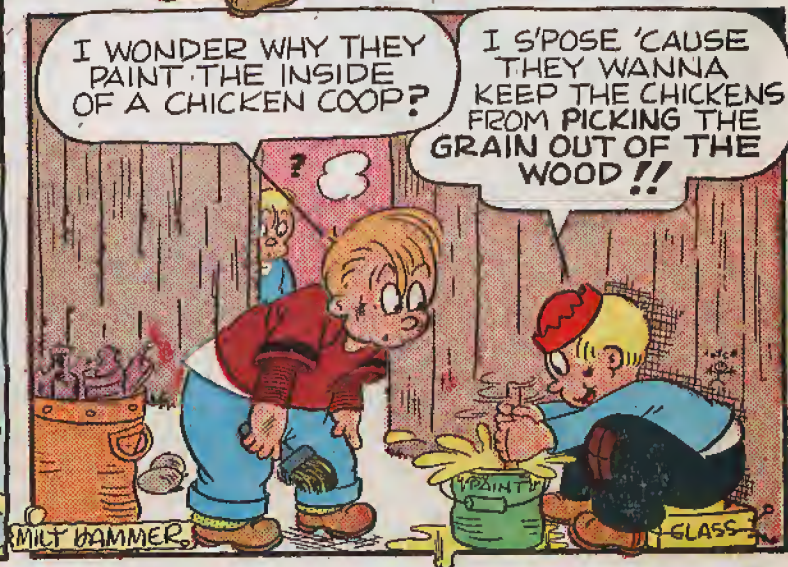
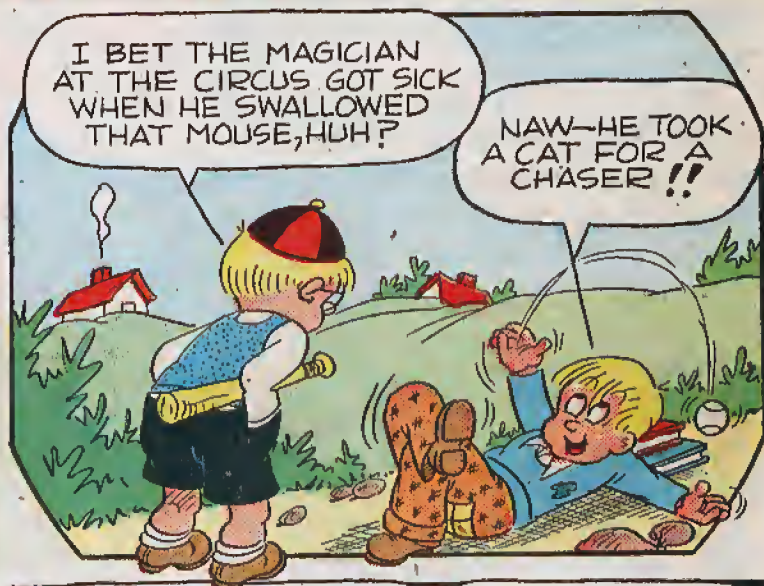
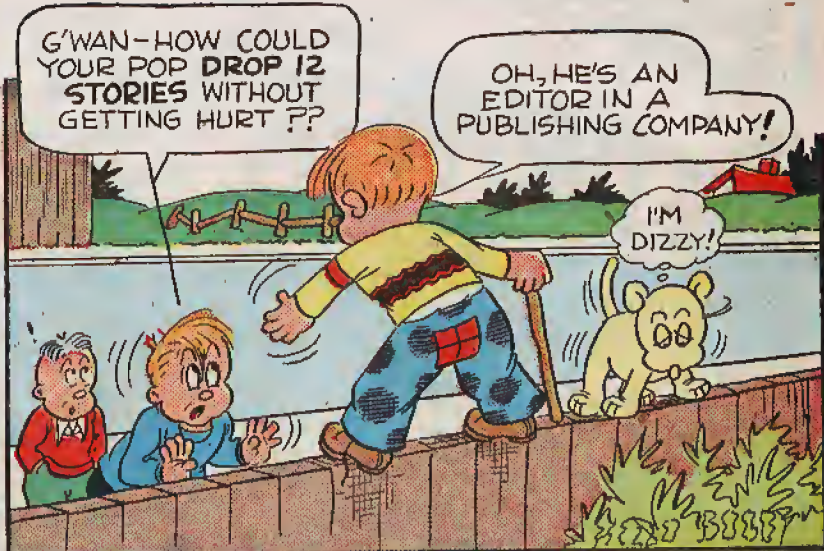
COME WITH ME, SON, AND I'LL LET YOU ANSWER ALL THESE QUESTIONS YOURSELF.



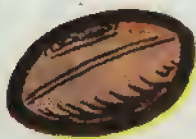


BUT WHAT OF FIDDLER FINN? WE FIND HIM IN HIS CELL, TREMBLING, AWAITING THE VERDICT OF THE PRISON DOCTOR...





BUTTERFINGERS



WALT GARY reported to the referee and joined the others in the huddle. They ignored him, broke up and called signals. The fullback took the ball and hit the line for no gain.

Walt glanced at the crowd. There hadn't been a cheer for him when he ran out on the field. He could see the coach pacing up and down the sidelines, a worried look on his face.

Signals were called again. Walt stood two paces to the right of the fullback and waited. The coach's words rang in his head. "One fumble by you, Butterfingers, and out you go. And I mean for good!"

He caught the ball, gripped it savagely, and plunged through a hole that appeared before him. "Hold tight! Hold tight!" his mind sang, as he pushed through for two yards.

Again in the huddle, the fullback glanced at him. "You want it again?" he asked. Walt nodded eagerly.

There was a murmur of protest from the others. The quarterback shook his head. "No!" he said. "We're behind and can't take a chance on him."

"Give it to him," the fullback ordered.

Beads of sweat formed on Walt's brow as he waited. The ball sped to-

ward him. He reached and missed. The ball hit the ground and he heard a groan go up from the crowd.

Quickly he whirled, picked up the ball and raced away. Ten yards across the line of scrimmage, he knocked down a tackler. Five yards more and he spilled two others. Then the field was clear ahead.

The roar of the crowd was deafening when he crossed the goal. He glanced at the coach. He was sitting down, smiling. Walt drew a deep breath and grinned at his teammates. They grinned back—and nobody called him "Butterfingers."

The End

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4MOST, published Quarterly, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Wheeler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of 4MOST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co. Inc., 119 West 19th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler, 12 Colonial Rd., Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jane Spaulding Nye, 30 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Premium Service Co. Inc., 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 422,913.

ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of August, 1946.

JOHN J. COCHLAN,
Notary Public, Queens Co No 392, Reg No 95-C-7
Cort Filed in N. Y. Co No 327, Reg No 106-C-7
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1947)

LEMUEL GREMLIN



HOW WE SURVIVE THIS, DAY AFTER DAY, AMAZES ME!

I THOUGHT LIVING IN THE BIG CITY WOULD BE FUN; AND IT ISN'T!

HE'S AWFULLY GOOD-LOOKING!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, MARY? HE'S A SWELL BOSS, BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE US!

I'M SO TIRED AND DISCOURAGED, I CAN HARDLY CLIMB THESE STAIRS!

CHEER UP, MARY! GOOD NIGHT!

IT'S NO USE! (GOS)--HE NEVER EVEN NOTICES ME! I'LL BE AN OLD MAID (GOS)--EATING MY HEART OUT FOR HIM! I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!

SO, THIS IS THE BIG CITY! OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING HERE TO AMUSE ME!

HELLO! WHAT'S THAT? A PRETTY GAL CRYING!

IF ONLY HE'D SPEAK TO ME--BUT HE MUST THINK I'M JUST A PIECE OF OFFICE FURNITURE!

HMM! UNREQUITED LOVE--VERY SAD! MAYBE I CAN HELP HER, THOUGH!

MY FIRST MOVE IS TO BUILD UP THIS GIRL'S MORALE--SHOW HER A GOOD TIME! THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY!

ALL GIRLS LIKE PRETTY DRESSES--SHE'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER AS SOON AS SHE HAS A NEW GOWN!

THAT BLUE NUMBER IS JUST THE THING--AND THERE ARE SO MANY DRESSES HERE, THEY'LL NEVER MISS ONE!



HEH-HEH! WHEN I PUT ON SPEED, THEY CAN'T EVEN SEE ME!



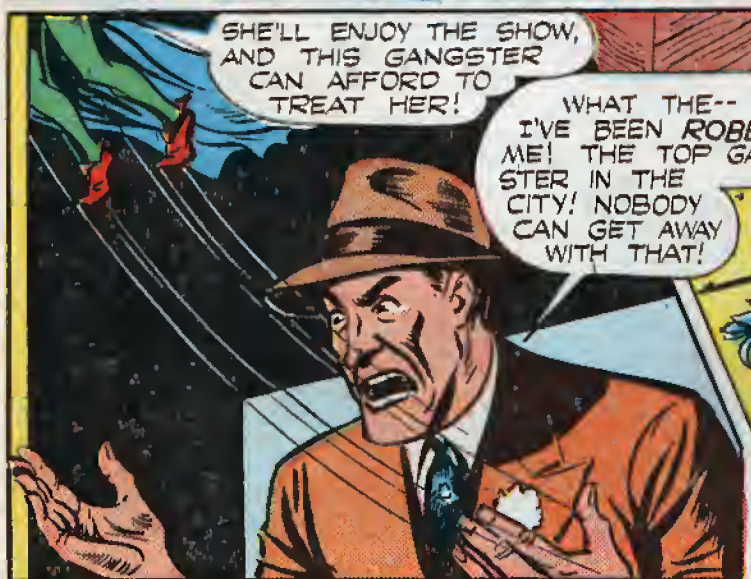
EEEK! MR. RITZDORF! THAT TWO-HUNDRED DOLLAR BLUE GOWN HAS DISAPPEARED!

GOOD HEAVENS! MY PRIZE CREATION! INFORM THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY!



A GOWN IS USELESS UNLESS THE GIRL CAN WEAR IT SOMEWHERE-- AHA--- MY PREY!

I'VE WAITED TWO MONTHS FOR THESE TICKETS!

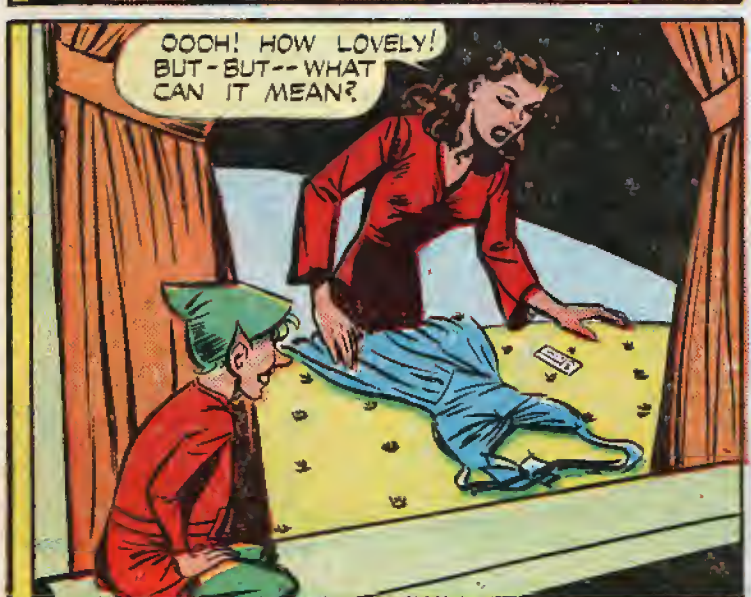


SHE'LL ENJOY THE SHOW, AND THIS GANGSTER CAN AFFORD TO TREAT HER!

WHAT THE-- I'VE BEEN ROBBED! ME! THE TOP GANGSTER IN THE CITY! NOBODY CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT!



I'LL WAIT TO SEE IF SHE LIKES IT!

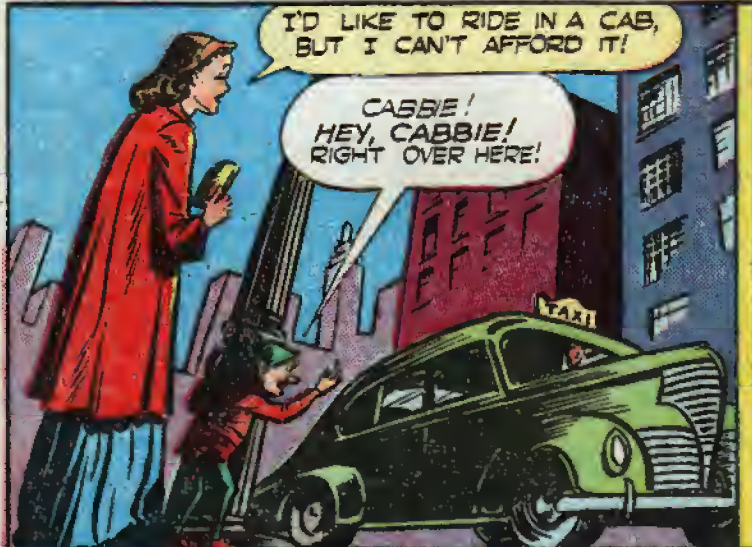


OOOH! HOW LOVELY! BUT--BUT--WHAT CAN IT MEAN?



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT THIS OPPORTUNITY IS TOO GOOD TO TURN DOWN! IF ONLY DAVID NASON COULD SEE ME NOW!

SO, IT'S NASON SHE WANTS, EH? HE'S GOING TO THE THEATRE TONIGHT TOO, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT. YET!



I'D LIKE TO RIDE IN A CAB, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT!

CABBIE!
HEY, CABBIE!
RIGHT OVER HERE!

HOP RIGHT IN, LADY! I GIVE ONE FREE RIDE A YEAR, JUST FOR LUCK!

HUH?!! WHAT AM I SAYING--OR AM I SAYING SOMETHING?

OH, THANKS! THIS CERTAINLY IS MY LUCKY DAY!

HEH-HEH! AND NOW TO GET MR. NASON!

I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT INTO THIS, BUT I'LL KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT NEXT TIME.

I HOPE THIS NASON CHARACTER IS HOME! I WANT EVERYTHING TO WORK OUT SMOOTHLY.

IF ONLY I HAD NERVE ENOUGH TO ASK HER FOR A DATE--BUT SHE'D THINK I WAS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF BEING HER BOSS!

AHA!
A TIMID LOVER!
MY HELP CERTAINLY IS NEEDED!

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M LEM THE GREM, MY BOY! BUT THAT'S IMPORTANT ONLY TO ME! TAKE THIS TICKET AND HUSTLE TO THE THEATRE. YOUR DREAM GIRL IS WAITING!

BUT--
I-I--
DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND!
YOUR JOB IS TO
GO TO THE SHOW
WITH YOUR GIRL!
GET GOING!

HEH-HEH! MARY WILL
BE A HAPPY GIRL
NOW! LATER, I'LL
DROP IN TO SEE
HOW THEY'RE
GETTING
ALONG!

SOON---
MARY!
IT'S TRUE!

MR. NASON!
OH! NOW THE
EVENING IS
PERFECT!



THERE THEY ARE-- THE
DIRTY CROOKS! RIGHT
IN THE SEATS I
BOUGHT!

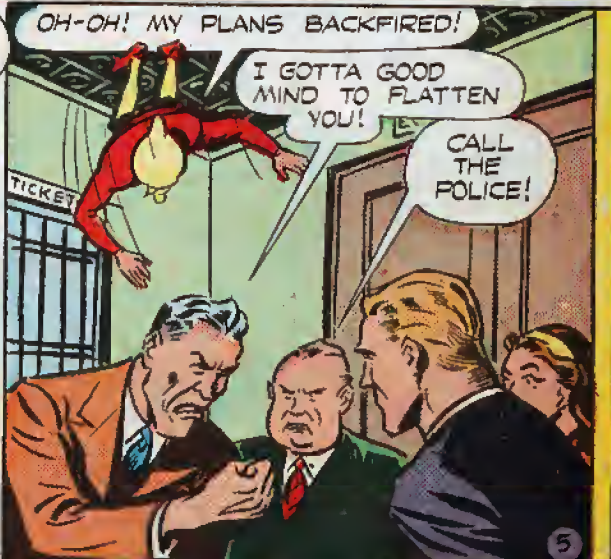
WHERE DID
YOU GET
THESE
TICKETS?

WHY--ER--
OH--THEY
WERE
GIVEN TO
ME BY A
GREMLIN!

HAW---
DON'T TREAT
ME LIKE A
SAP! ONE MORE
WISECRACK, AND
I'LL SIC MY
BOYS ON YOU,
PUNK!



THE KIDS OUGHT TO
BE CHUMMY BY NOW!
I'LL RUN OVER AND
SEE!



OH-OH! MY PLANS BACKFIRED!

I GOTTA GOOD
MIND TO FLATTEN
YOU!

CALL
THE
POLICE!



GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S MY PRIZE GOWN!!

SEIZE THAT WOMAN!!! SHE STOLE MY GOWN!

WHEW! THEY GET AWFULLY EXCITED OVER TRIFLES AROUND HERE!

OH!



SO! YA BOTH ARE CROOKS!

BUTTON UP YOUR LIP, LOW-BROW! YOUR MOUTH IS TOO BIG!



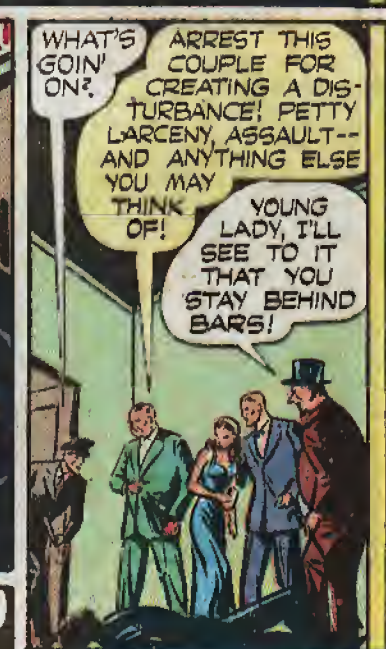
TAKE THIS, WORM--- OUCH!!

QUICK! SOCK 'IM, NASON!



GOSH! I HIT HIM!

NICE GOING! COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

ARREST THIS COUPLE FOR CREATING A DISTURBANCE! PETTY LARCENY, ASSAULT-- AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU MAY THINK OF!

YOUNG LADY, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU STAY BEHIND BARS!



TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK AT FREEDOM, FOLKS! YOU WON'T SEE IT FOR SIX MONTHS.

(SOB)-- I WISH I'D STAYED HOME!

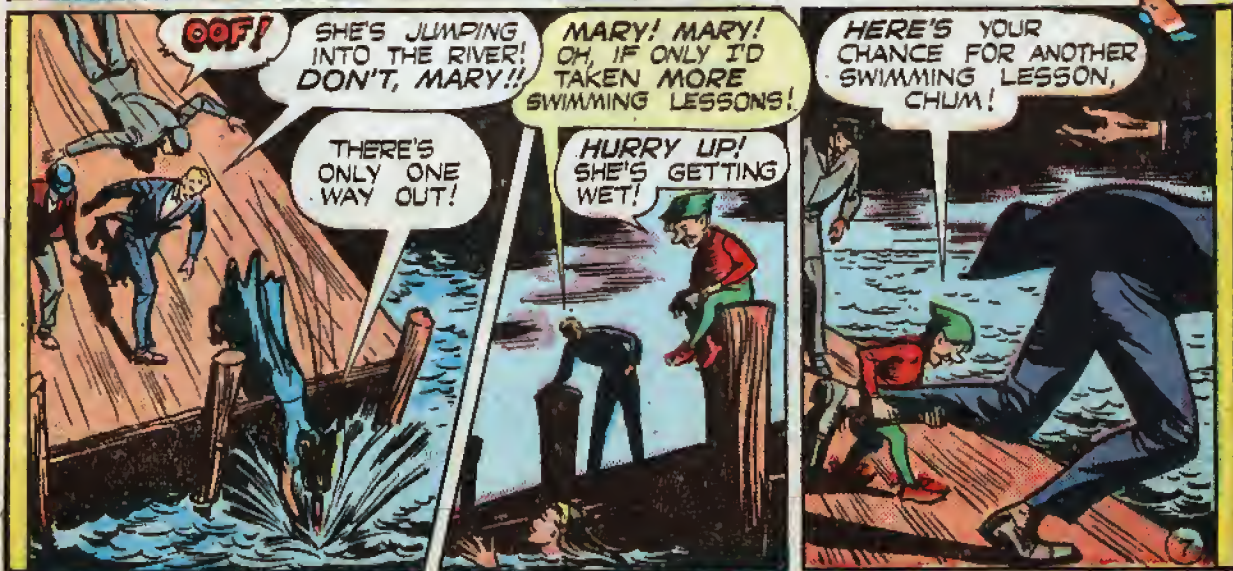
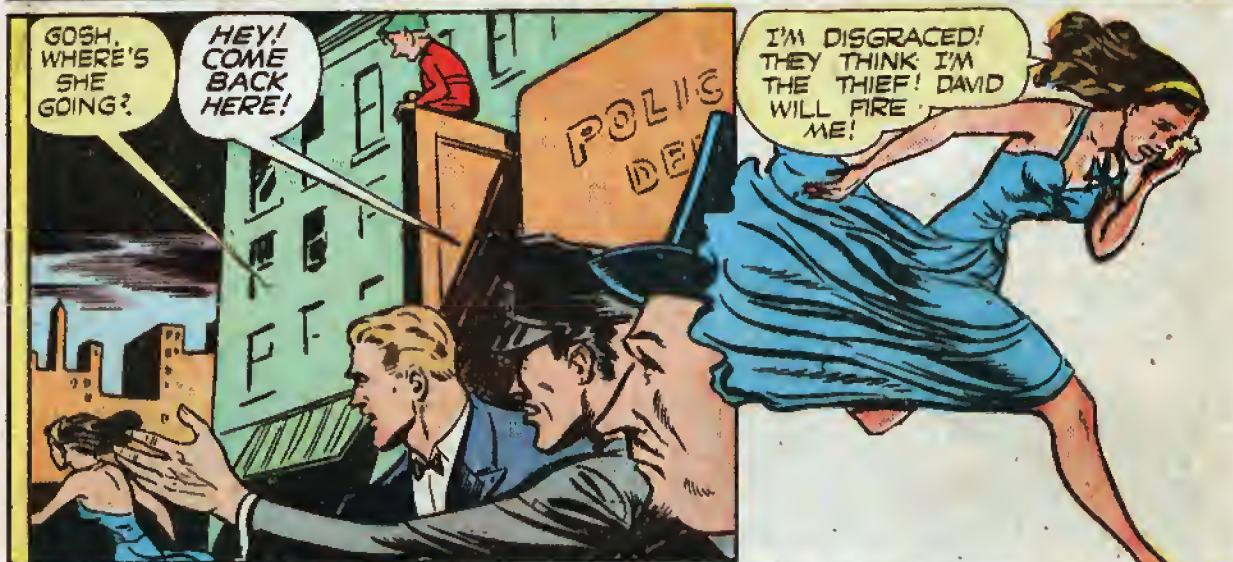
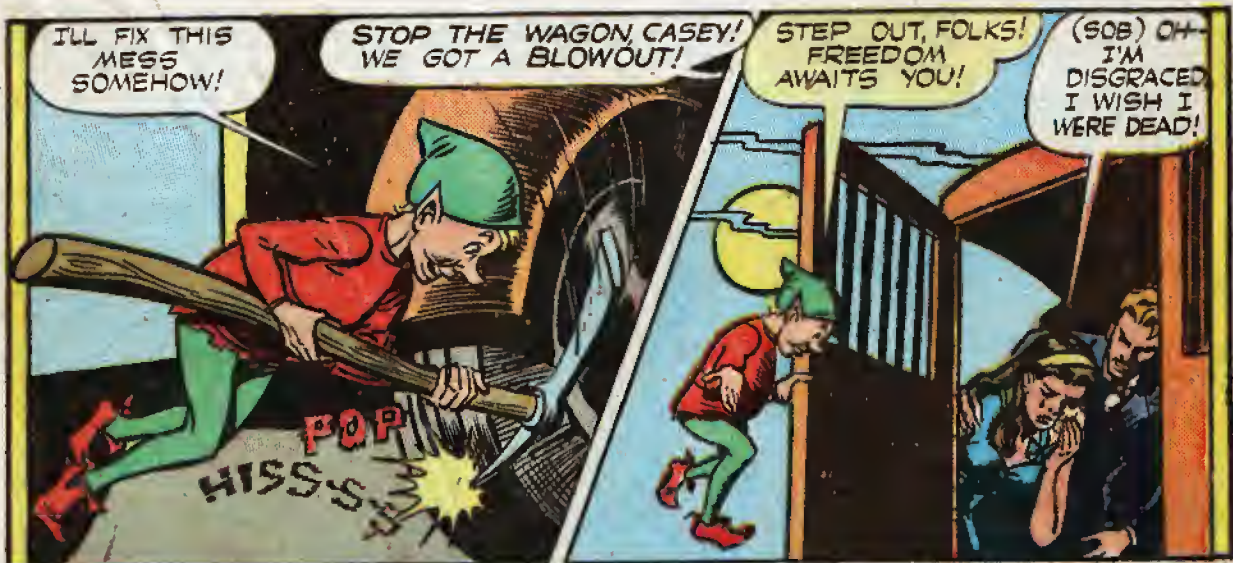
GEE, I FEEL SO HELPLESS!

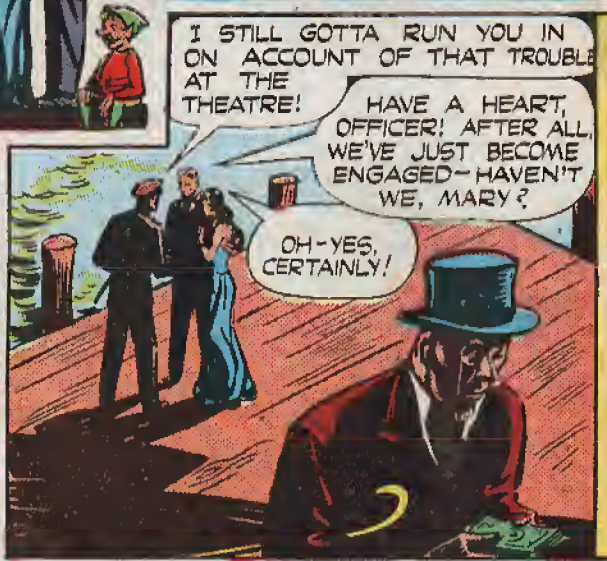
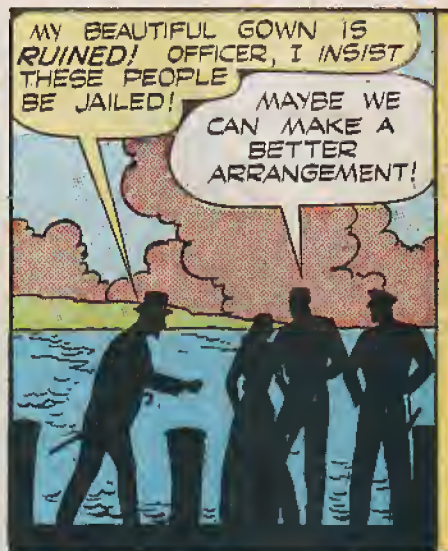
OMIGOSH, I GOTTA DO SOMETHING, QUICK!



ME PICK! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME PICK?

JUST A SHORT-TERM LOAN, FRIEND!

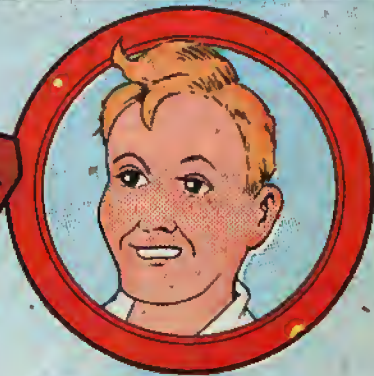




BE SURE TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE EDITORS ABOUT ME...

Sam the Green

Edison Bell



THAT WAS SOME BASKETBALL GAME, WASN'T IT, EDDIE?

YEAH, THAT OVERTIME PERIOD KEPT US PRETTY LATE... I DON'T LIKE IT OUT HERE AFTER DARK.



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.... AND EDISON BELL PROVES IT AS HE AND JERRY START FOR HOME FROM A BASKETBALL GAME AND WIND UP ENMESHED WITH BANK ROBBERIES, TRAIN HOLDUPS AND SECRET PASSAGeways, IN THE.....

"TUNNEL OF TERROR."

WAIT A MINUTE! DO YOU HEAR THAT, JERRY?

VOICES!.. BUT WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM? DON'T SEE ANYONE, DO YOU, EDDIE?

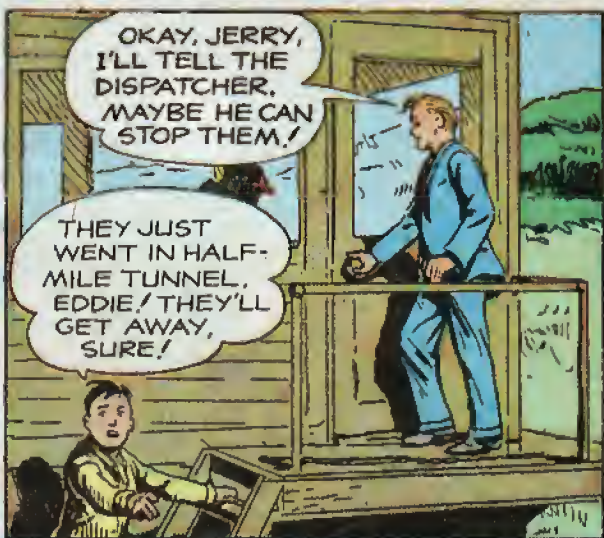
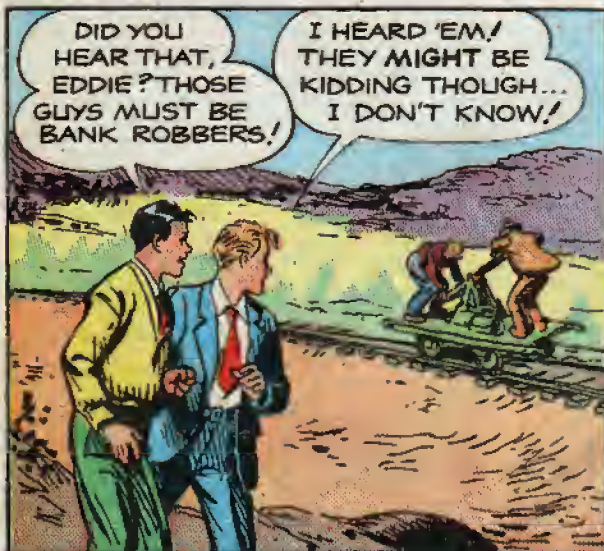


SOON...

THAT JOB WENT SLICK AS A WHISTLE! WE KNOCK OFF A BANK, DUCK INTO THE SEWER, AND WALK AWAY! EASY!

YEAH, AN'DEN WE CLIMB ON OUR LITTLE HANDCAR AN' WE'RE GONE! THEY'LL NEVER KETCH US!





THE POLICE ARE NOTIFIED AND, WITH EDDIE AND JERRY BEHIND, CLOSE IN....



THE DISPATCHER ON THE OTHER END SAYS THEY DIDN'T COME OUT. THEY'RE STILL IN HERE!

KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY.... THESE GUYS MAY BE KILLERS!



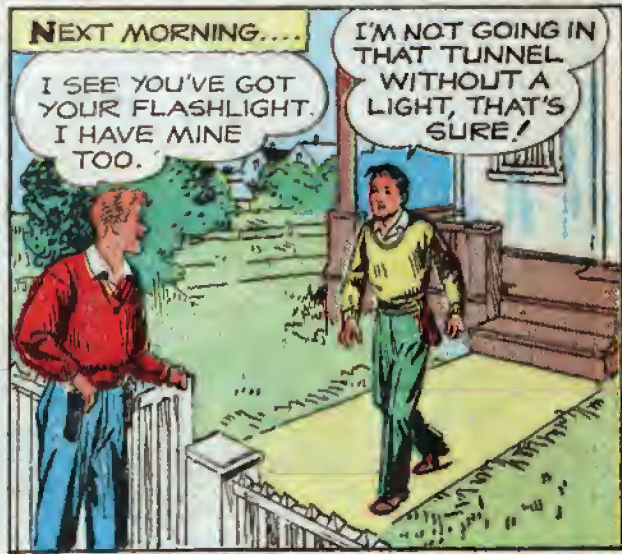
THOSE DANG-BLASTED KIDS! THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN THAT TUNNEL!

NOBODY CAME OUT THIS END EITHER, CHIEF!



I'M SURE THEY WENT IN THE TUNNEL! WHERE'D THEY GO THEN, THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. I'M COMING BACK HERE TOMORROW!

GOOD IDEA, PAL! TOMORROW'S SATURDAY!



NEXT MORNING....

I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR FLASHLIGHT. I HAVE MINE TOO.

I'M NOT GOING IN THAT TUNNEL WITHOUT A LIGHT, THAT'S SURE!



S-SPOOKY - EVEN IN DAYTIME, HUH, EDDIE?

NAH, YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU! C'MON!



I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO FIND ANYBODY, EDDIE!

IT IS SCARY, BUT THOSE GUYS WENT SOMEWHERE AN' I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE!



HELLO, WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE THE OLD MINE BOARDED UP! WOW!

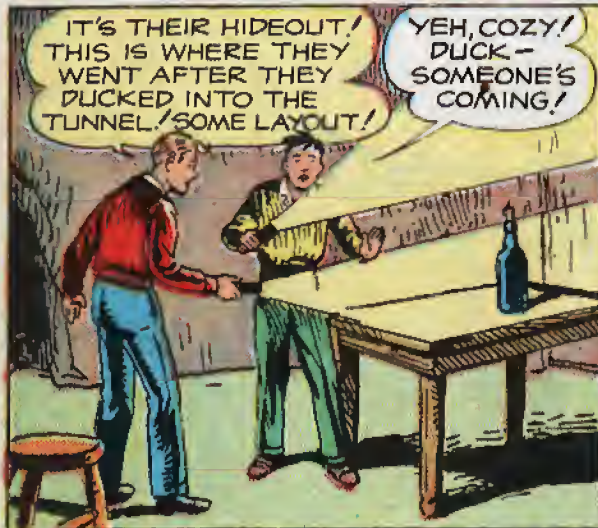


THE MINE'S BEEN CLOSED A LONG TIME!

THOSE MARKS WERE MADE RECENTLY! THIS DOOR'S BEEN USED, AND NOT VERY LONG AGO! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN OPEN IT.

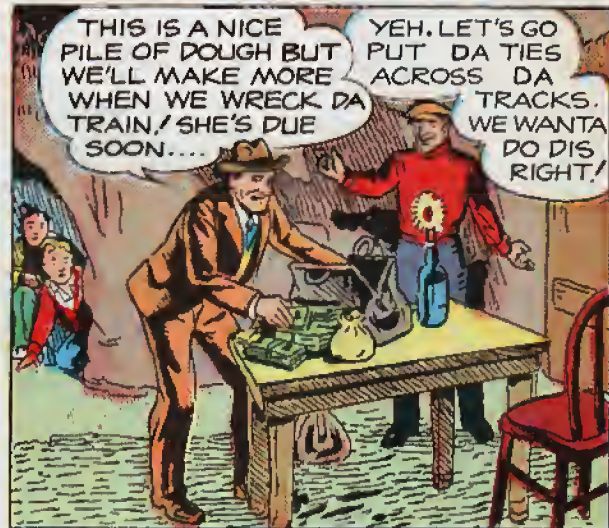


IT OPENED! LOOKS LIKE A MINE, ALL RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



IT'S THEIR HIDEOUT! THIS IS WHERE THEY WENT AFTER THEY DUCKED INTO THE TUNNEL! SOME LAYOUT!

YEH, COZY! DUCK - SOMEONE'S COMING!



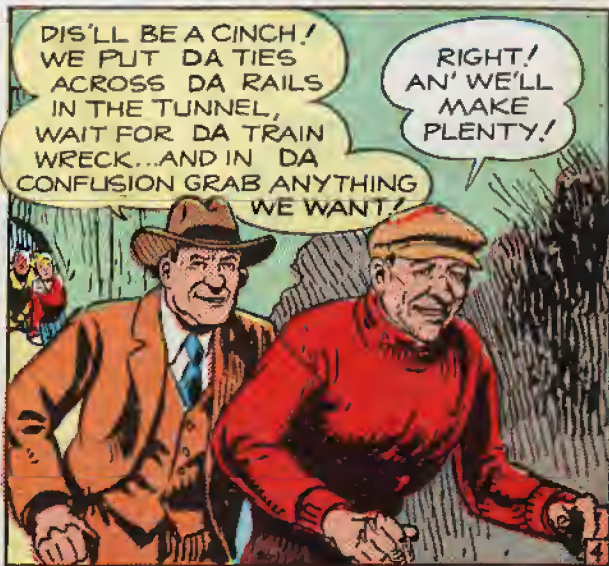
THIS IS A NICE PILE OF DOUGH BUT WE'LL MAKE MORE WHEN WE WRECK DA TRAIN! SHE'S DUE SOON...

YEH, LET'S GO PUT DA TIES ACROSS DA TRACKS. WE WANTA DO DIS RIGHT!



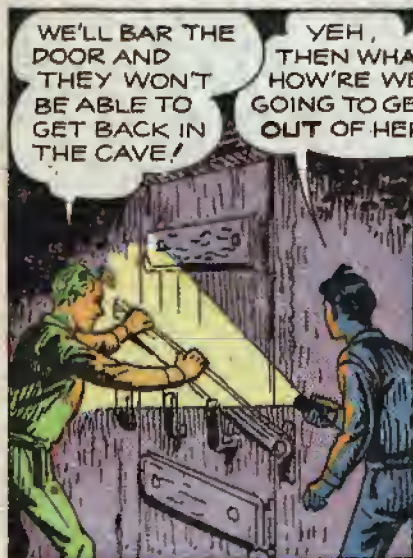
WE GOTTA STOP THEM OR THEY'LL WRECK THE TRAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT... BUT HOW?



DIS'LL BE A CINCH! WE PUT DA TIES ACROSS DA RAILS IN THE TUNNEL, WAIT FOR DA TRAIN WRECK...AND IN DA CONFLUSION GRAB ANYTHING WE WANT!

RIGHT! AN' WE'LL MAKE PLENTY!



WE'LL BAR THE DOOR AND THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET BACK IN THE CAVE!

YEH, THEN WHAT? HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?



THOSE CROOKS CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION, SO THERE MUST BE ANOTHER OPENING!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, ED!



BOY, AM I GLAD TO BREATHE FRESH AIR!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, JERRY. WE HAVE TO STOP THOSE GUYS FROM WRECKING THE TRAIN / C'MON...



WE MADE IT, ED! THE TRAIN HASN'T COME BY YET AND WE'LL GET THE DISPATCHER TO STOP IT!

I HOPE HE BELIEVES OUR STORY... HE'S LIABLE TO THINK WE'RE KIDDING!



YOU KIDS AGAIN! WHAT'S THE FAIRY STORY THIS TIME?

WE WERE TELLING THE TRUTH LAST NIGHT! THE BANK ROBBERS DID DUCK INTO THE TUNNEL BUT THEY HAVE A HIDEOUT!

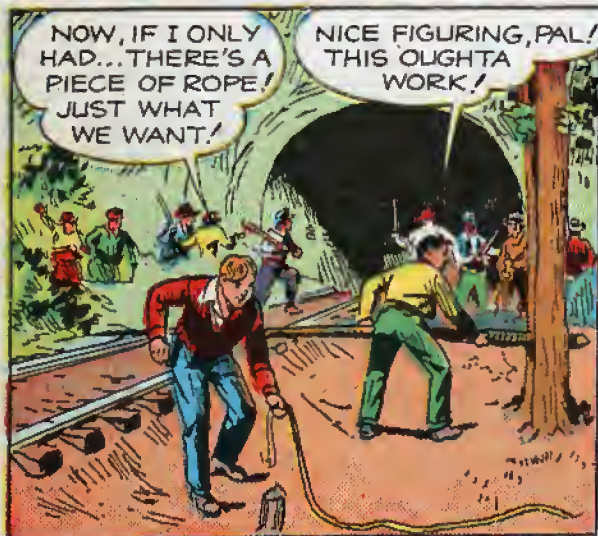


JERRY AND I SAW THEM, AND THEY'RE PLANNING TO HOLD UP THE NEXT TRAIN! THEY HAVE TIES LAID ACROSS THE TRACKS IN THE TUNNEL! YOU HAVE TO STOP IT!

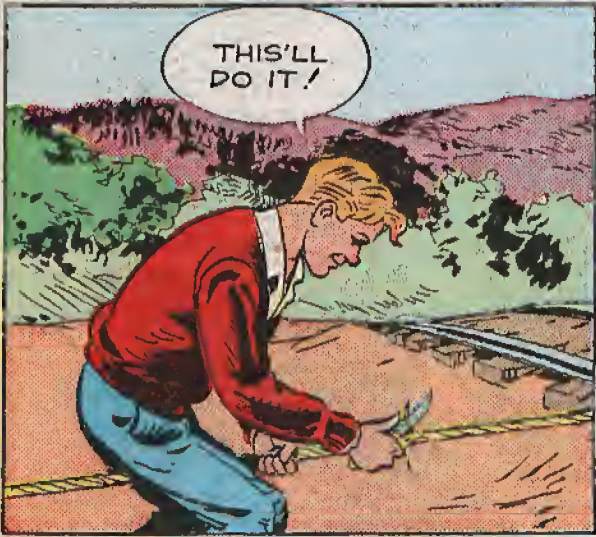
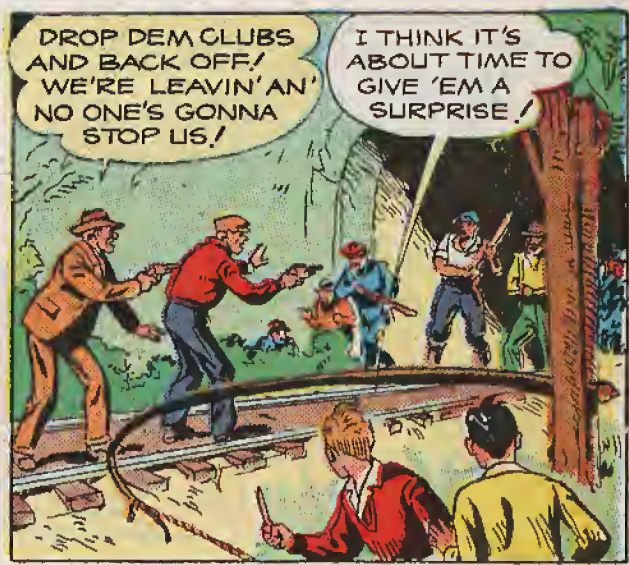
OKAY, SONNY. OKAY! YOU BETTER BE RIGHT THIS TIME!



THAT'S RIGHT, SMITTY. MORE COPS AND ROBBERS! I'M PRETTY SURE THE KIDS ARE TELLING THE TRUTH THIS TIME! YOU GET THE SECTION GANG TO BLOCK YOUR END, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TUNNEL ON THIS SIDE / NO TIME TO CALL THE COPS...



Q QUESTION No. 12 What famous American was nicknamed the "Rail-splitter"?



**MODEL
RAILROADERS:
HERE'S HOW
TO MAKE A
SUPER
DUPER**

TUNNEL

ALL YOU NEED IS A SQUARE YARD OF WIRE MESH WITH ONE-HALF INCH SQUARES, PLUS A BATCH OF PAPIER-MÂCHÉ TO DO THE JOB.

By *Bill*
1947

TO MAKE PAPIER-MÂCHÉ

TEAR UP A BATCH OF OLD NEWSPAPERS INTO ONE-INCH SQUARES; SOAK TORN PAPERS IN LARGE POT OF WARM WATER TILL ALL ARE VERY WET; DRAIN WATER AND ADD A MILKY SOLUTION OF FLOUR AND WATER PASTE; KNEAD MASS WITH HANDS TILL IT IS A GRAYISH, MOIST PULP.

BEND ONE INCH OF SCREEN UP ALONG TWO SIDES AND HAMMER FLAT TO FORM TWO



STURDY SIDE HEMS. NEXT, BEND WIRE AS SHOWN BELOW, AND CUT FOUR SLITS FOR BENDING.



HEMS

SLITS

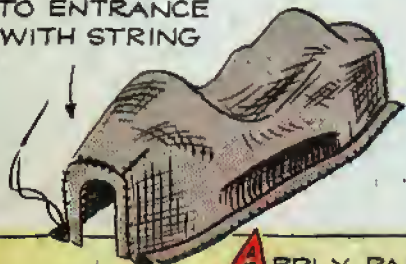
BEND IN AS SHOWN, AND SEW.



CARDBOARD ENTRANCE FRAMES LARGE ENOUGH FOR TRAINS TO PASS THROUGH

PRESS DOWN ON CENTER OF WIRE TUNNEL TO FORM "MOUNTAINS."

SEW FRAMES TO ENTRANCE WITH STRING



APPLY PAPIER-MÂCHÉ TO ENTIRE OUTER SURFACE OF SCREEN EXCEPT THE TWO CARDBOARD ENTRANCES

LET PAPIER-MÂCHÉ DRY FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, THEN PAINT BROWN AND GREEN.



Here's Something Else to Make for Your Model Railroad...A Giant

GIRDER BRIDGE

By
Bill

LOOKS AUTHENTIC AND FORMIDABLE, DOESN'T IT? WELL, AS FLASHY AS IT LOOKS, IT'S REMARKABLY EASY TO BUILD: THE LONGRONS, BRACES, ETC., ARE ALL CUT TO LENGTH FROM $\frac{1}{4}$ BY $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH WOOD STOCK. PIECES ARE NAILED AND GLUED TOGETHER, THEN REINFORCED WITH CARDBOARD, TIN OR THIN ALUMINUM TEMPLATES.

LAY MODEL RAILROAD TRACK OVER BOTTOM BRIDGE BRACES AND NAIL IN PLACE

HIGH ENOUGH AND WIDE ENOUGH FOR CARS TO PASS THROUGH.

THREE SEPARATE PIECES OF TIN

NO HEAVY UNDERBRACES NEEDED IF "BRIDGE" IS LAID ON FLOOR, WITH TRACKS RESTING ON FLOOR. HOWEVER...

TEMPLATES

THIN $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH NAILS

THIN $\frac{1}{4}$ -INCH NAILS

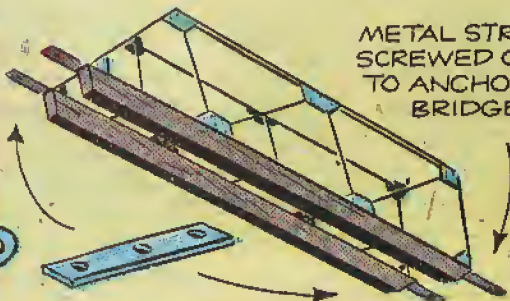
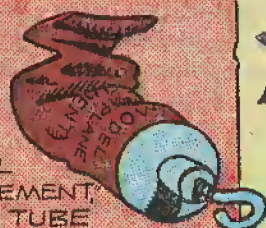
HEAVY UNDERBRACES NEEDED

TO SUPPORT WEIGHT OF TRAINS IF YOU USE BRIDGE TO SPAN AN OPEN AREA. MAKE THESE OUT OF ONE-BY-TWO-INCH BOARDS.

METAL STRIPS SCREWED ON TO ANCHOR BRIDGE



IN ADDITION TO NAILING, GLUE ALL JOINTS TOGETHER WITH 'MODEL AIRPLANE CEMENT', BOTTLE OR TUBE





CHANGE FOR A FIVE

TIP HARRICK had a perfect disguise when he entered Mike Benson's grocery. Dark glasses and a white cane marked him as a blind man. "One blind man robbing another blind man," he thought, and grinned at his cleverness.

A bell tinkled and the owner came from the back room, tapping his way with a cane. "Can I help you?" he asked pleasantly.

Tip looked for a cash register but didn't see one. He stepped behind the counter. "Must have a cash drawer hidden somewhere," he muttered.

"Please don't go behind the counter," Mike said. "I'm perfectly capable of filling your order."

"I want two dozen jars of mustard but I see only six jars on the shelf," Tip said.

"Two dozen!" The blind man whistled. "Why so many?"

"I've just opened a restaurant," Tip lied. "You got any more in the back room?"

The grocer nodded his head and led the way. Tip smiled to himself. This was going to be easy. The store owner couldn't identify him and neither could anyone who had seen him enter the store, once he got rid of his disguise.

Tip swung his blackjack. Not too hard, because he didn't want to kill the fellow, but just hard enough to put him to sleep.

Mike slumped to the floor and Tip tied and gagged him with tape. Quickly he searched the grocer's pockets, transferring the money to his own. He was ready to search the store for the cash drawer, when the bell tinkled and an old lady entered.

"Where's Mike?" she said, seeing a stranger behind the counter.

Tip smiled and said, "Mike had to go to the bank, and he asked me to take care of the store."

"You're blind, too, aren't you?" the old lady said pityingly. "You just never mind waiting on me. I know where everything is."

That suited Tip. It gave him time to find the cash drawer. He looked under the counter and there it was. He opened the drawer and gasped in surprise. There was more money there than he had hoped for.

The old lady put her market basket on the counter. "Eggs, coffee and bread," she said. "That's an even dollar."

Tip took the money she placed in his hand. It was a five dollar bill. He opened the cash drawer and gave

her four dollars change. He noticed that she looked queerly at him.

"Thank you very much," he said politely.

The lady hurried out and Tip reached for the money. Now was his chance, before more customers came in. He stuffed the money in his pocket and walked out from behind the counter.

He stopped in the middle of the store. The old lady was coming back and she had a policeman with her.

"That's the man." She pointed at Tip.

Tip decided to bluff. "Can I be of service to you?" he called out.

"Yeah," the officer growled. He reached out and snapped handcuffs on the surprised Tip. "You can come along to the station. We've got a place for crooks like you."

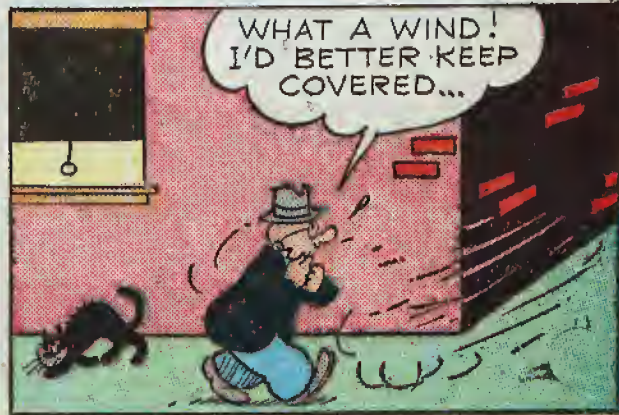
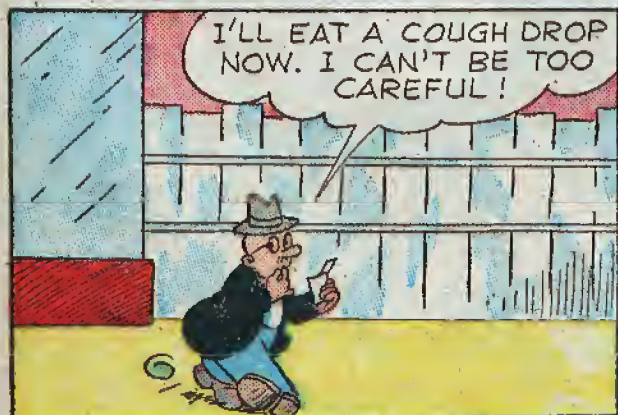
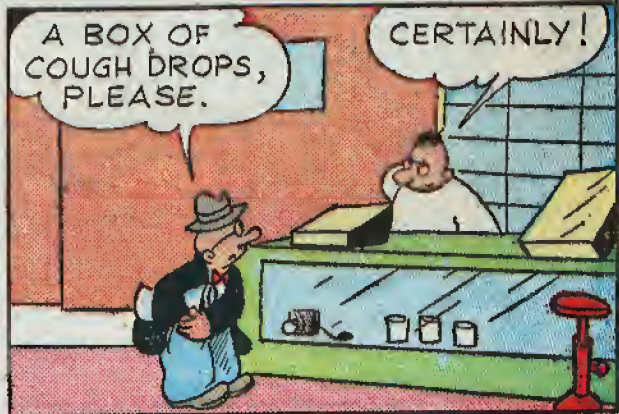
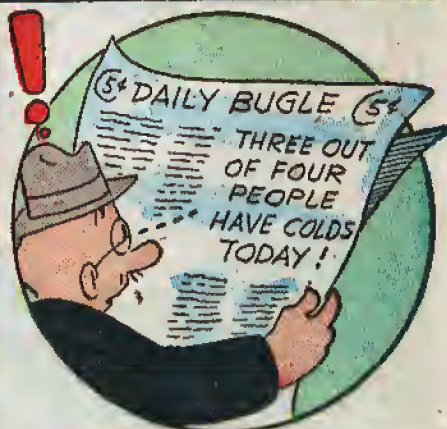
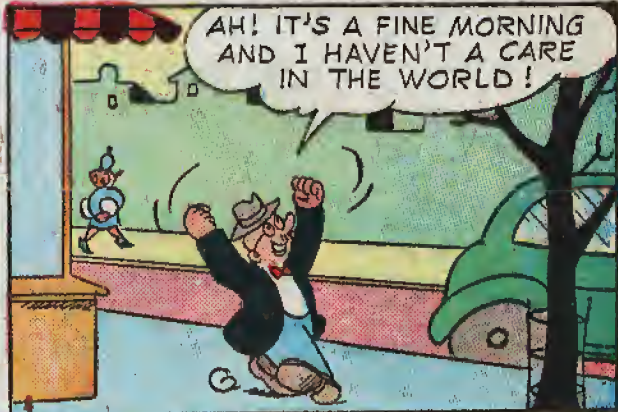
Tip was wondering what had gone wrong with his perfect scheme, when the policeman took his dark glasses away.

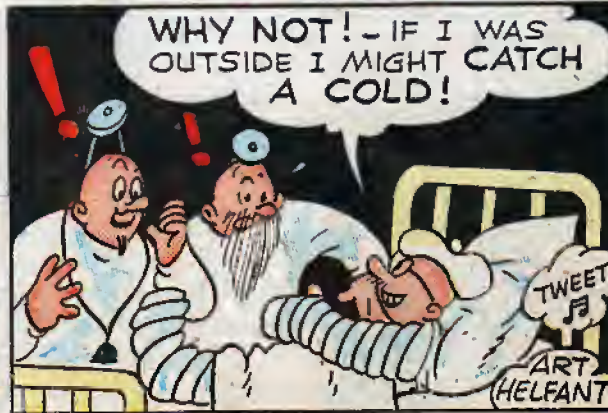
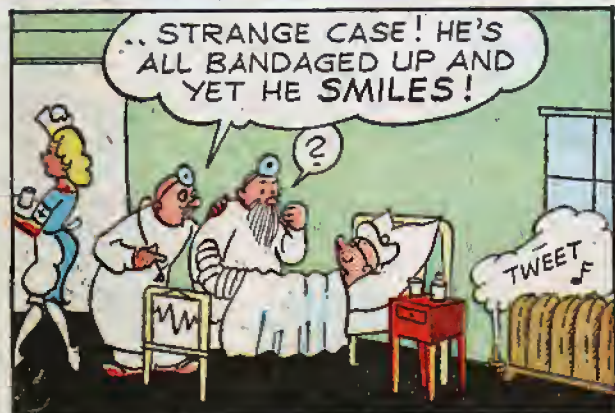
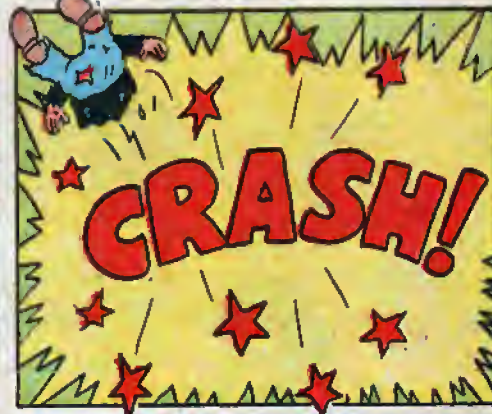
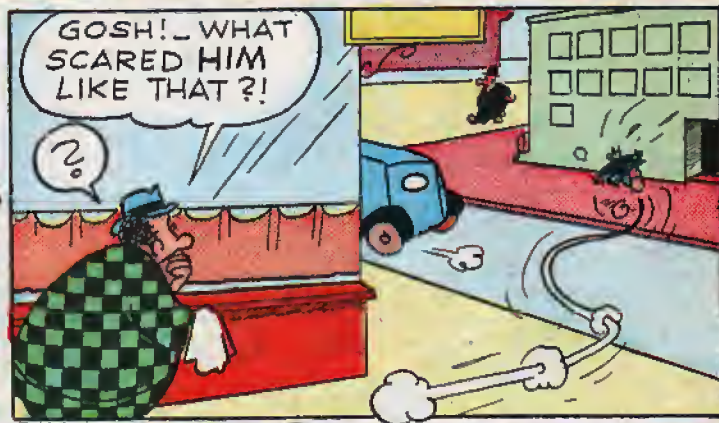
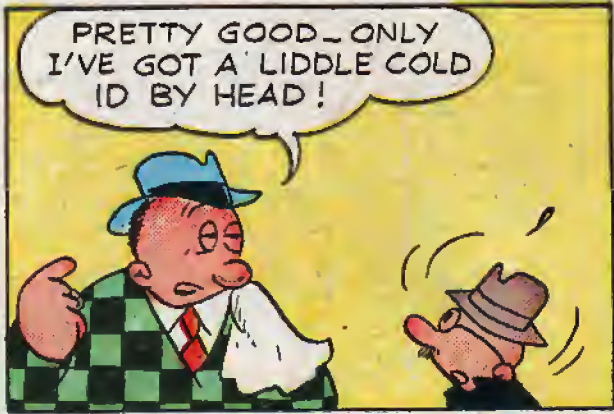
The old lady took a good look at Tip. "I knew it," she said. "He's not blind at all! No blind man could tell the difference between a five dollar bill and a one dollar bill — but he gave me change without saying a word!"

The End.

TIMID TIM

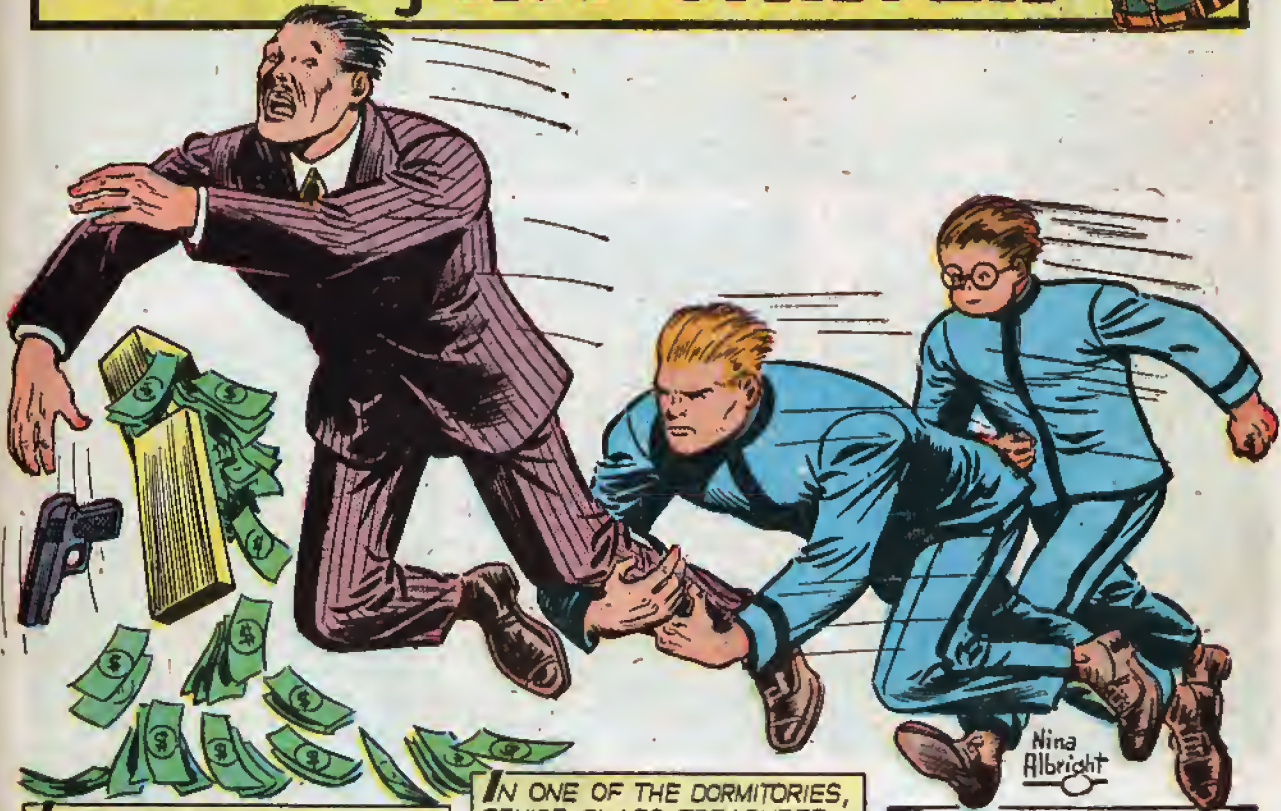
COLD FACTS





THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



LATE ONE AFTERNOON A CAR,
PULLS UP AT THE GATES OF
DAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY.

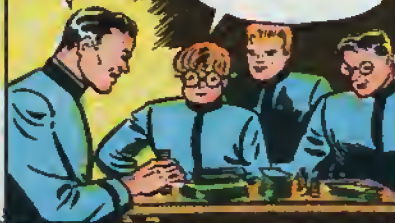
DIS IS
DA JOINT.
WE'LL COME
BACK AFTER
DARK.

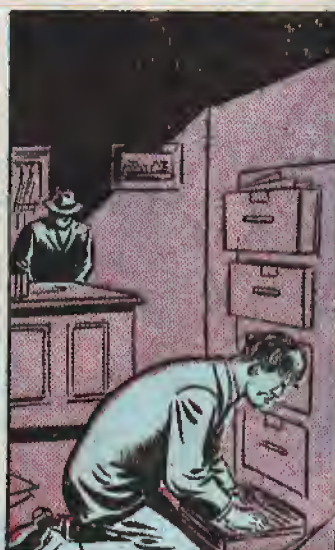
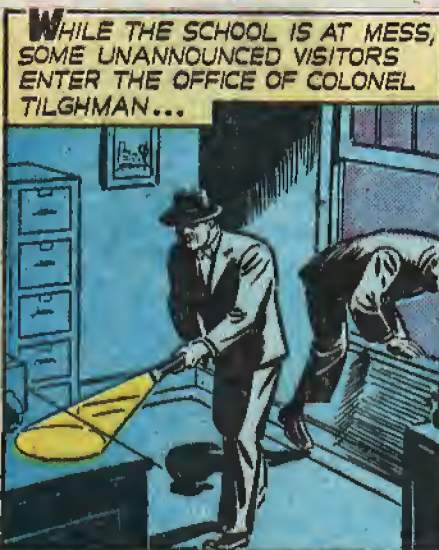
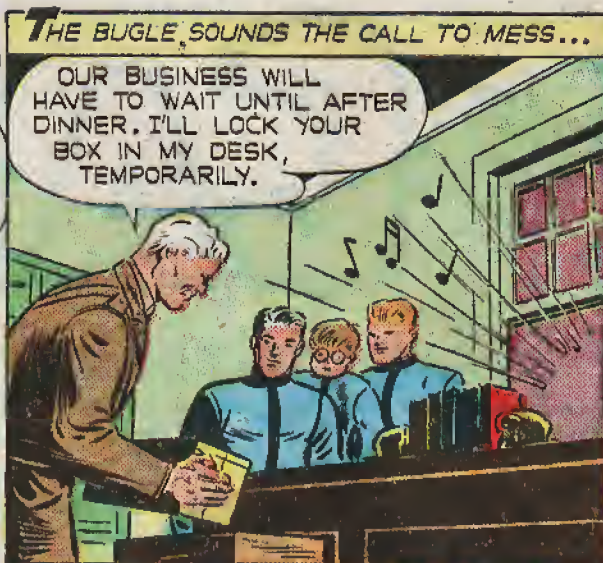
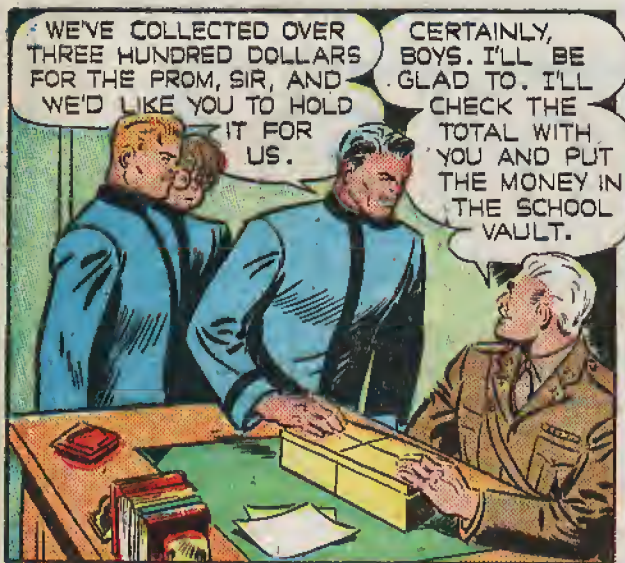
IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES,
SENIOR-CLASS TREASURER
JORDAN HALL FINISHES
COUNTING A LARGE SUM
OF MONEY.

THREE
HUNDRED THIRTY-
TWO DOLLARS
AND FIFTY
CENTS!

SWELL!
NOW WE CAN
HOLD THE PROM
AT THE HOTEL
MASTER INSTEAD
OF IN THE
GYM!

WE'LL TAKE THE MONEY
TO COLONEL TILGHMAN
FOR SAFEKEEPING.





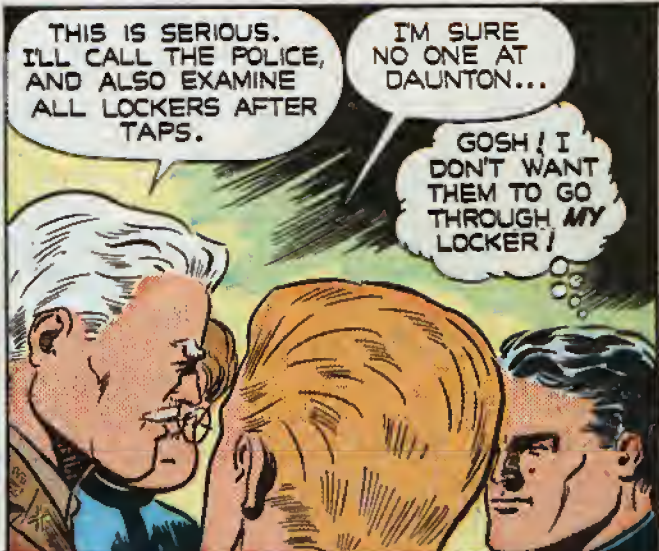
I'M SORRY, BOYS,
BUT YOUR MONEY
HAS BEEN STOLEN!



THIS IS SERIOUS.
I'LL CALL THE POLICE,
AND ALSO EXAMINE
ALL LOCKERS AFTER
TAPS.

I'M SURE
NO ONE AT
DAUNTON...

GOSH! I
DON'T WANT
THEM TO GO
THROUGH MY
LOCKER!



I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING
DESPERATE!

THIS IS
GOING TO BE
AN AWFUL
BLOW TO THE
BOYS!

TALK ABOUT
TOUGH LUCK..



JORDAN RUNS
STEALTHILY TO
HIS LOCKER...



...AND TAKES OUT A BOX.



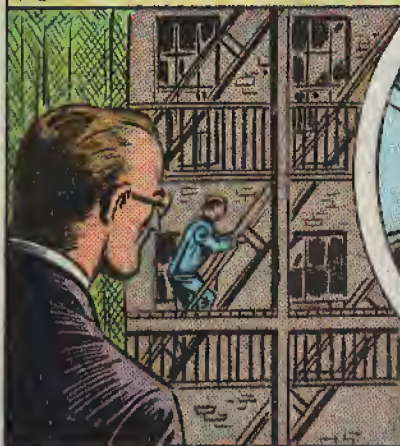
IF I CAN GET DOWN
TO THE GARDEN WITHOUT
BEING SEEN, EVERYTHING
WILL BE ALL RIGHT.



AFTER THE
INSPECTION I'LL
BRING IT BACK, AND
NO ONE WILL BE
THE WISER.



BUT JORDAN'S SUSPICIOUS ACTIONS HAVE BEEN OBSERVED BY ONE OF DAUNTON'S KEEN-EYED INSTRUCTORS.



WHILE, IN THE CAR OF THE THIEVES...

LET'S LOOK IN THE BOX AND SEE WHAT THE THING LOOKS LIKE!

SURE! OPEN IT UP!



HEY! THIS STUFF IS ONLY MONEY!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GET SOME KIND OF MACHINE.

WE BETTER GO BACK!



BACK AT DAUNTON, COLONEL TILGHMAN IS ABOUT TO COMPLETE THE INSPECTION OF THE LOCKERS.

HMMMM. EVERYTHING SATISFACTORY. WELL, THAT'S THE LAST ONE.

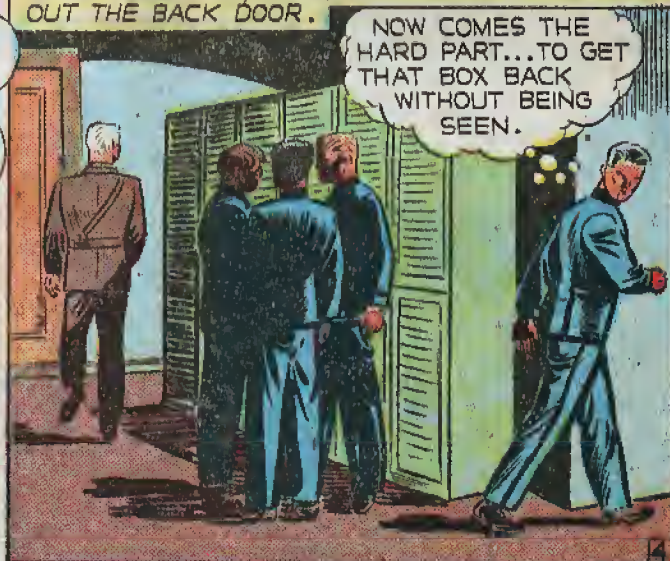


IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE THAT YOUR MONEY HAS DISAPPEARED, BUT IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO KNOW THAT NO ONE AT DAUNTON...ER...SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A VICTIM OF TEMPTATION. OF COURSE I WAS SURE OF THAT ALL ALONG, BUT THE INSPECTION WAS A NECESSARY ROUTINE.

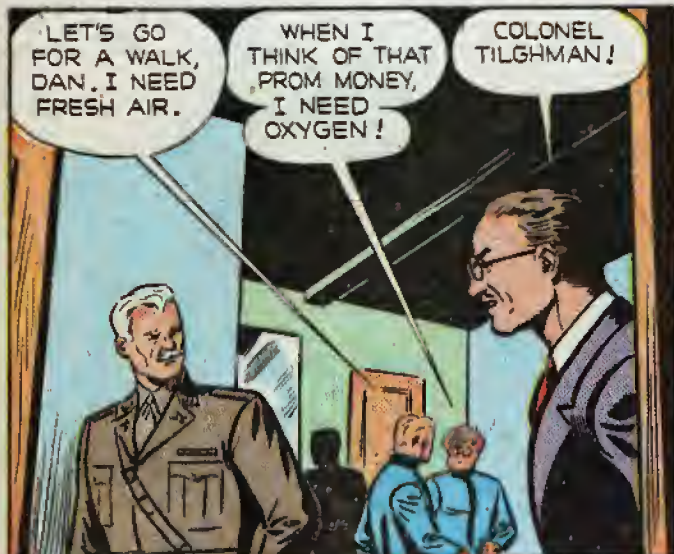


THE INSPECTION OVER, JORDAN AGAIN SNEAKS OUT THE BACK DOOR.

NOW COMES THE HARD PART...TO GET THAT BOX BACK WITHOUT BEING SEEN.



QUESTION No. 14. What state in the U. S. is noted for appointing honorary colonels?



LET'S GO FOR A WALK, DAN. I NEED FRESH AIR.

WHEN I THINK OF THAT PROM MONEY, I NEED OXYGEN!

COLONEL TILGHMAN!

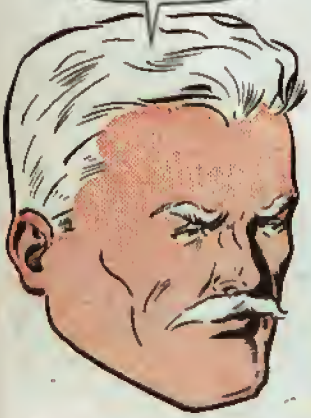
THE INSTRUCTOR TELLS COLONEL TILGHMAN OF JORDAN'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

...AND THEN HE CLIMBED THE FIRE ESCAPE AND STOLE BACK INTO THE DORMITORY. I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

BY ALL MEANS. I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME.



I'LL QUESTION JORDAN IMMEDIATELY.



MEANWHILE, OTHER EYES ARE WATCHING JORDAN HALL.

WE BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THAT KID LEAVES.

I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING?



HE'S GOT A PACKAGE! THAT MUST BE HALL'S KID, AND HE PROBABLY KNOWS HE'S GOT SOMETHING HOT!

LET'S GRAB HIM!

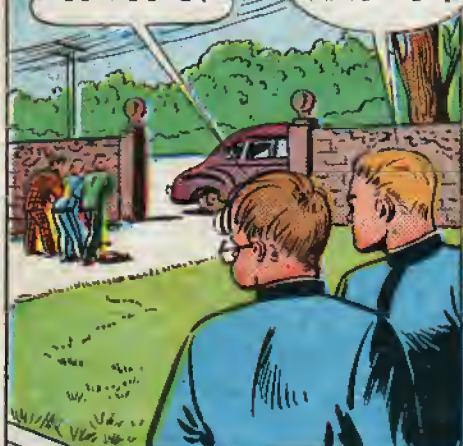


DON'T GET EXCITED, BUDDY. YOU'RE JUST GOIN' FOR A LITTLE RIDE!

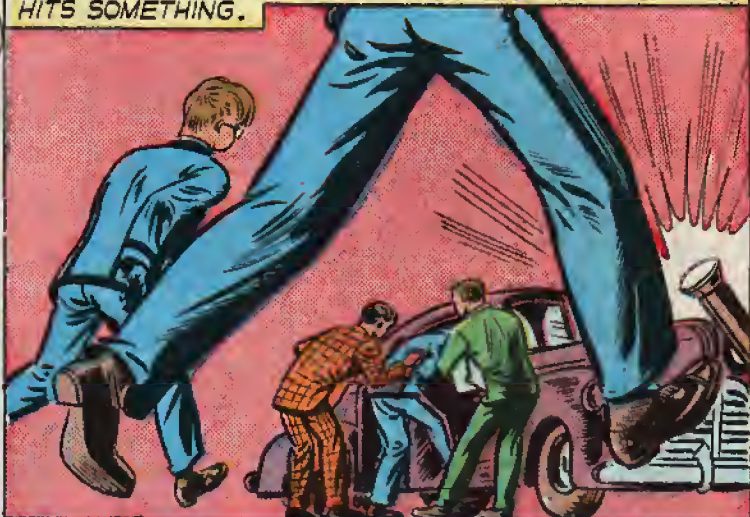


LOOK, KIT!
THOSE MEN! THEY'RE
KIDNAPING ONE OF
OUR BOYS!

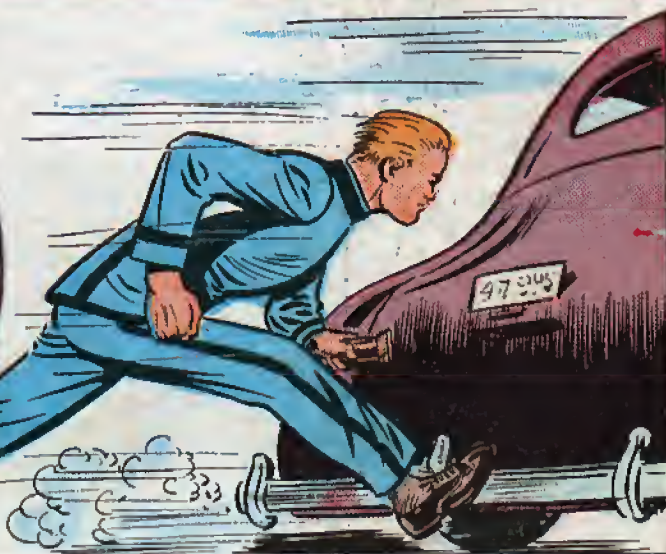
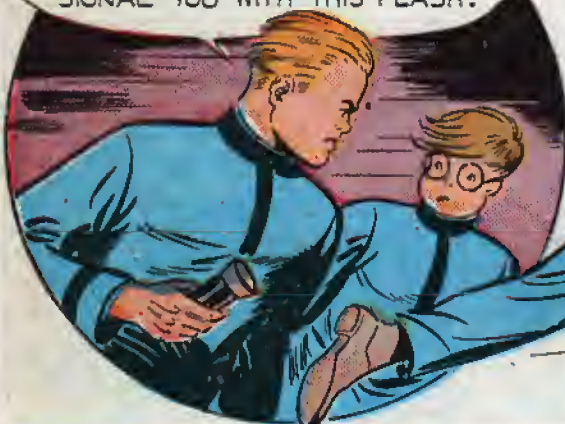
IT'S
JORDAN!
I'M GOING
AFTER 'EM!



AS THE BOYS CUT ACROSS THE LAWN, KIT'S FOOT
HITS SOMETHING.



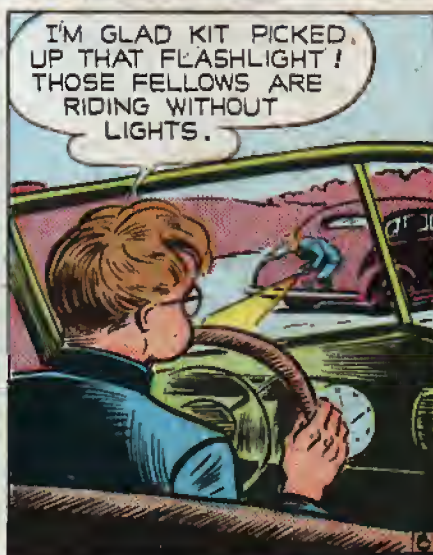
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP
THEM, DAN. I'LL HANG ONTO THE
BACK OF THEIR CAR. GET OUR
ROADSTER AND FOLLOW...I'LL
SIGNAL YOU WITH THIS FLASH.



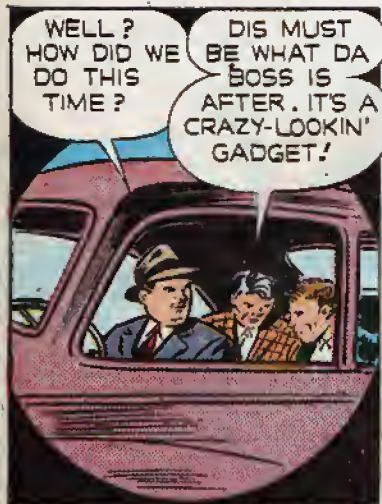
GOOD!
HERE COMES
DANNY!



I'M GLAD KIT PICKED
UP THAT FLASHLIGHT!
THOSE FELLOWS ARE
RIDING WITHOUT
LIGHTS.



QUESTION No. 15. From what building did Paul Revere receive the signal to begin his epic ride?



WELL?
HOW DID WE
DO THIS
TIME?

DIS MUST
BE WHAT DA
BOSS IS
AFTER. IT'S A
CRAZY-LOOKIN'
GADGET!



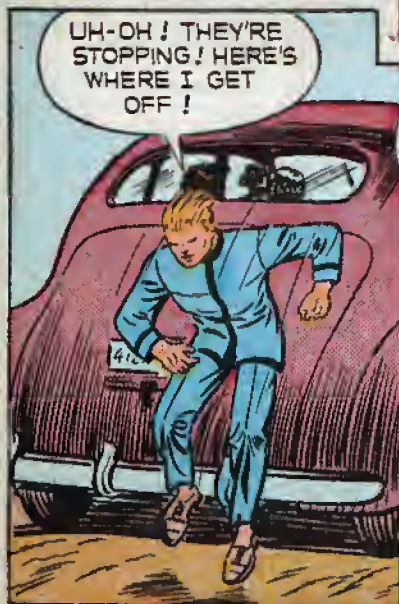
HEY! DERE'S
A CAR TEARIN'
DOWN THE ROAD!
I T'INK HE'S
FOLLERIN' US!

OH, YEAH?
WE'LL LOSE
HIM PRETTY
QUICK!

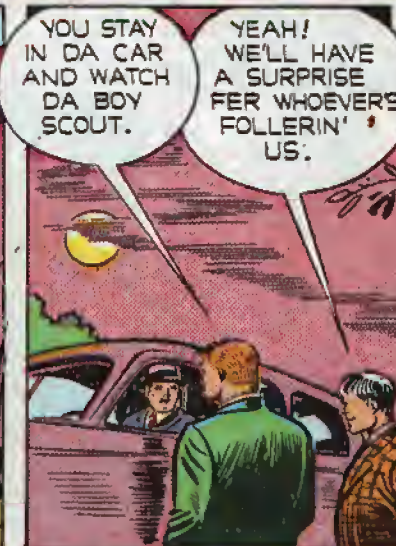


DAT GUY
HAS EYES LIKE
A CAT. WE
GOT NO LIGHTS,
BUT HE SEES
US ALLA
SAME!

DERE'S A
SHARP CURVE
AHEAD. AS
SOON AS WE
ROUND IT,
WE'LL LAY
FOR HIM.



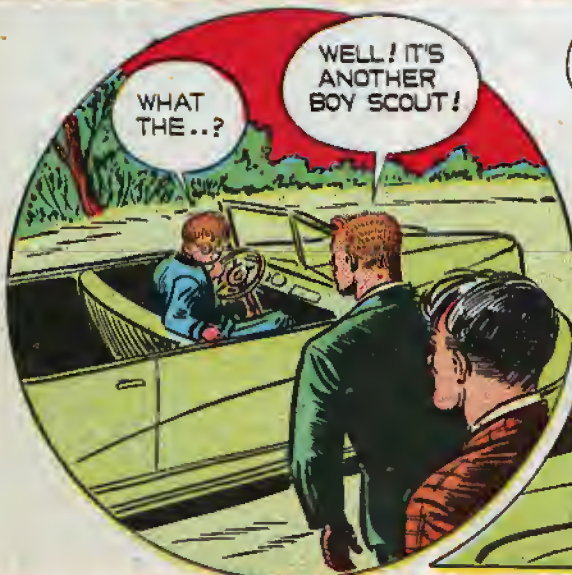
UH-OH! THEY'RE
STOPPING! HERE'S
WHERE I GET
OFF!



YOU STAY
IN DA CAR
AND WATCH
DA BOY
SCOUT.

YEAH!
WE'LL HAVE
A SURPRISE
FER WHOEVER'S
FOLLERIN'
US.

YOU'LL GET
A LITTLE
SURPRISE
YOURSELVES!

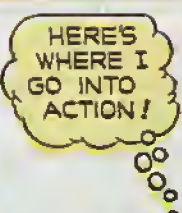


WHAT
THE...?

WELL! IT'S
ANOTHER
BOY SCOUT!



COME ON
OUT, LITTLE
BOY!

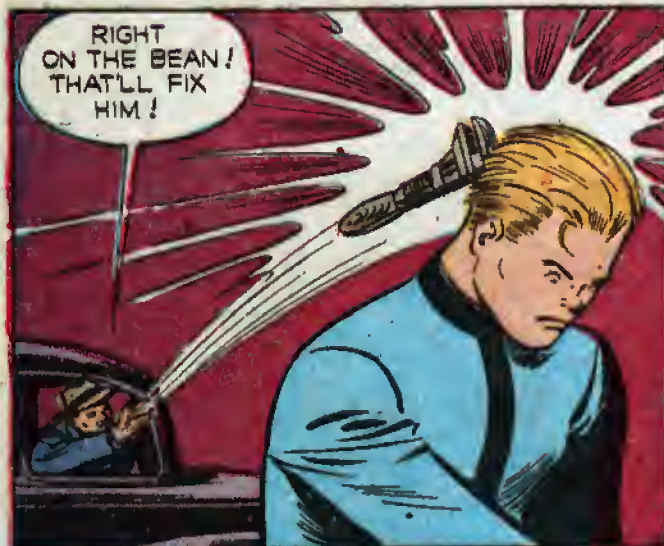


HERE'S
WHERE I
GO INTO
ACTION!



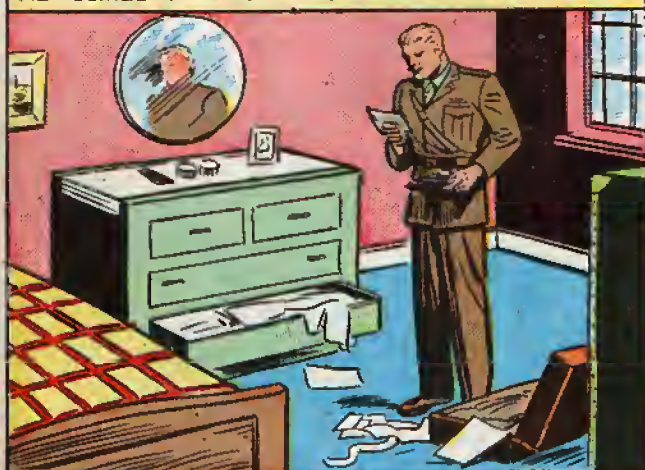
YOU BET I WILL!

WELL I'LL BE...ANOTHER ONE!



Q QUESTION No. 16. What term is used to describe the darkened figures in pictures 1 and 2?

BACK AT DAUNTON, COLONEL TILGHMAN HAS BEEN SEARCHING JORDAN HALL'S BELONGINGS. HE COMES UPON AN INTERESTING LETTER.



and I am sending you a model of the robot interceptor for safekeeping. Our enemies will stop at nothing to obtain it, but they will never suspect you. I don't need to warn you to maintain absolute secrecy about it.
Your loving father
Jordan Hall

MEANWHILE...

WE GOT DA GADGET, BOSS, AN' SOME EXTRA BAGGAGE WID IT.

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PLAY SOLDIERS LATER. FIRST I WANT TO LOOK AT THE INTERCEPTOR.



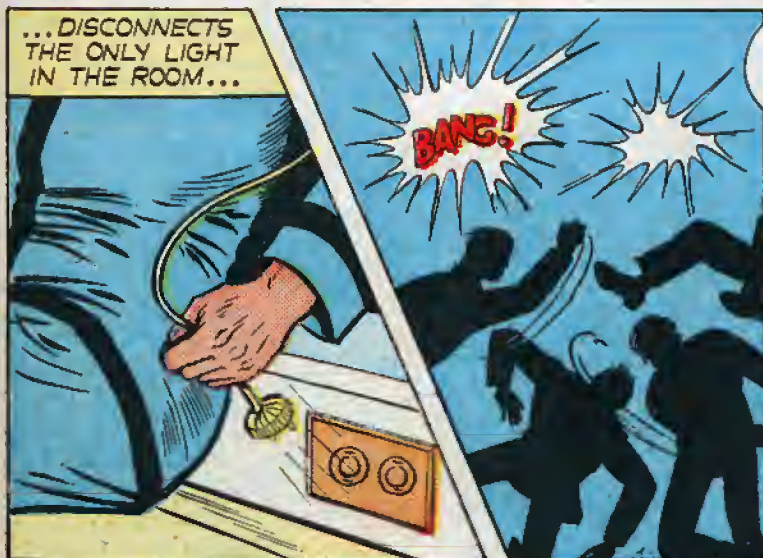
SLOWLY COMING TO HIS SENSES, KIT HEARS JORDAN'S PROTEST AND...

KIT! DAN! HE MUSTN'T SEE IT!

TRY AND STOP ME!



...DISCONNECTS THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOM...

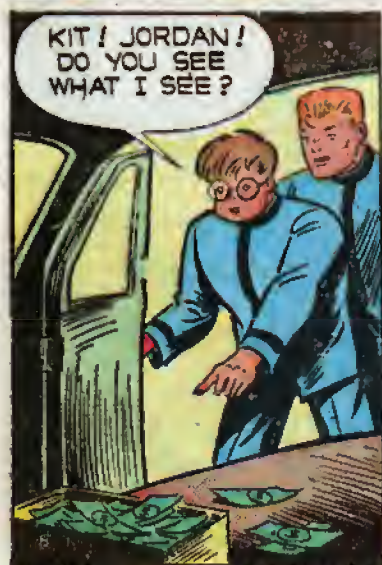
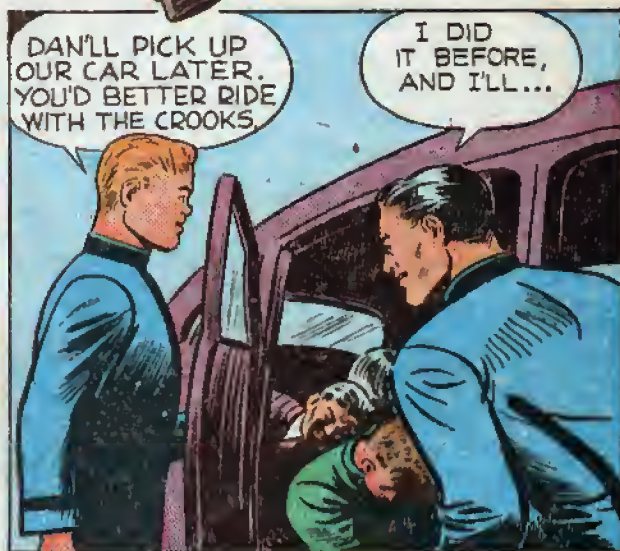


KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE PACKAGE, KIT!

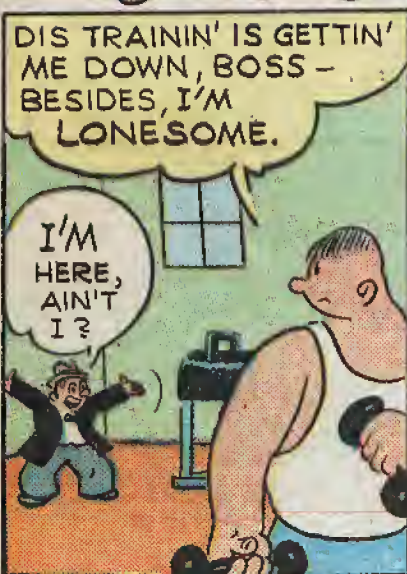
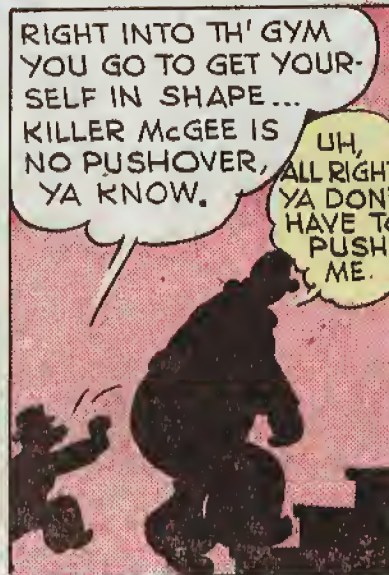
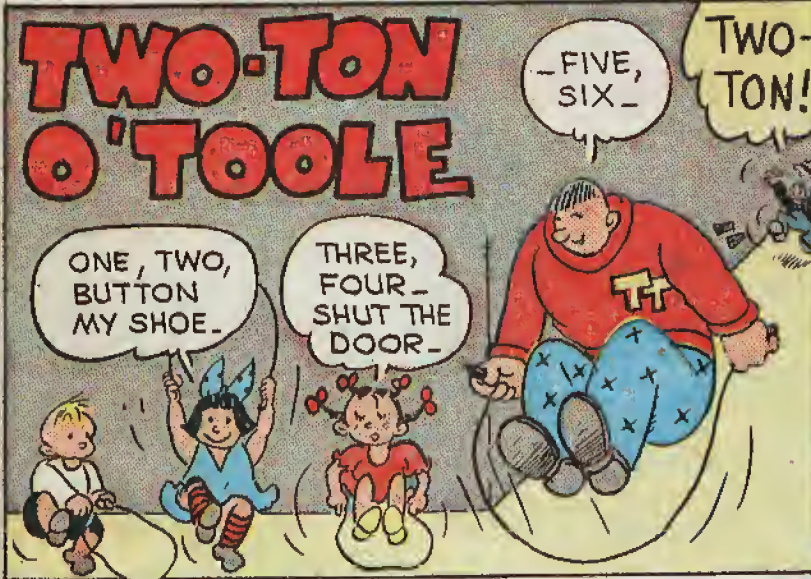
THEY'RE GLUED ON IT!

I BETTER TAKE IT ON THE LAM!



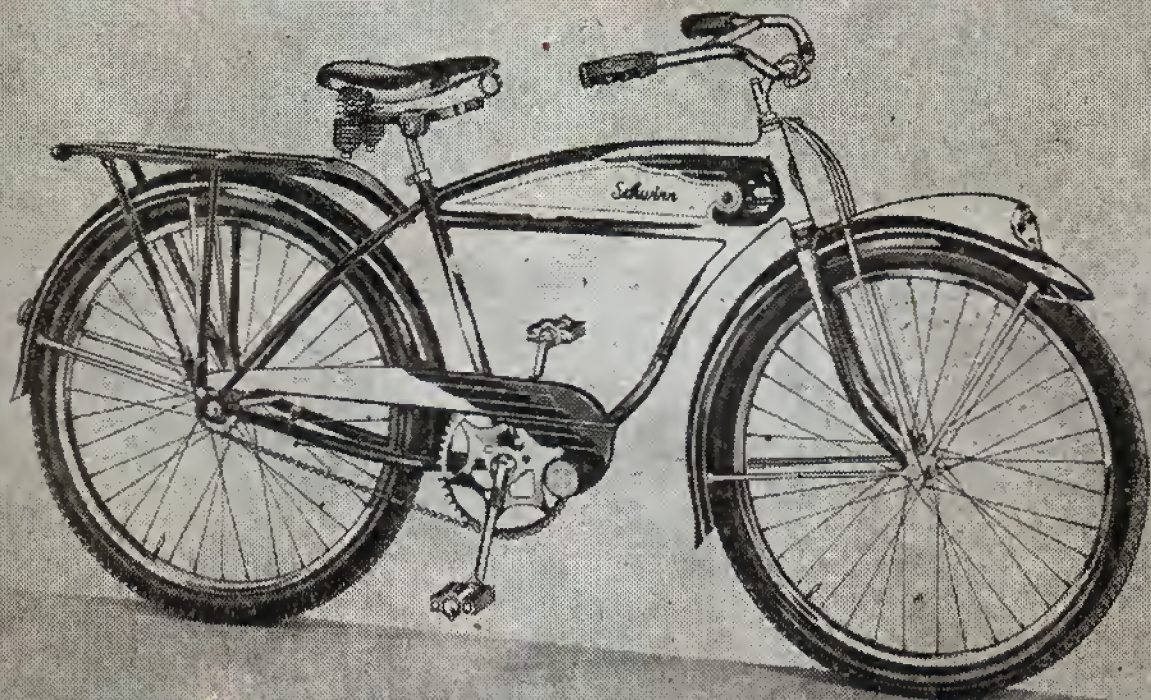


TWO-TON O'TOOLE



IT'S FUN TO RIDE A

Schwinn-Built Bicycle



FREE! Exciting **FREE!**
MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

See your favorite Hollywood movie stars pictured in full color with their Schwinn Built Bicycles—world famous for speed, safety, and easy riding. Send for your free copy of this beautifully illustrated folder. Supply is limited—so fill in and mail the coupon right away.

MAIL THIS COUPON...TODAY!

Arnold, Schwinn & Co.
1762 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

Name _____

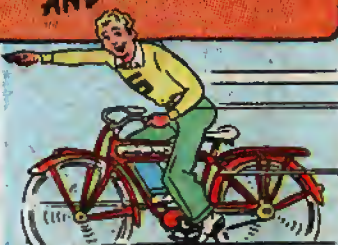
Address _____

Town _____ State _____

HEY! FELLOWS AND GIRLS—

SEE THE NEW
Schwinn-Built Bicycles
at Your Dealer

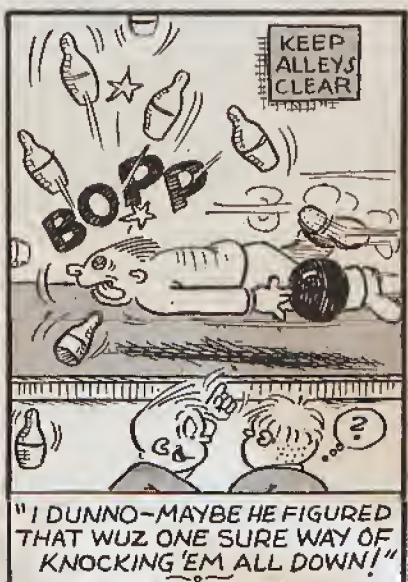
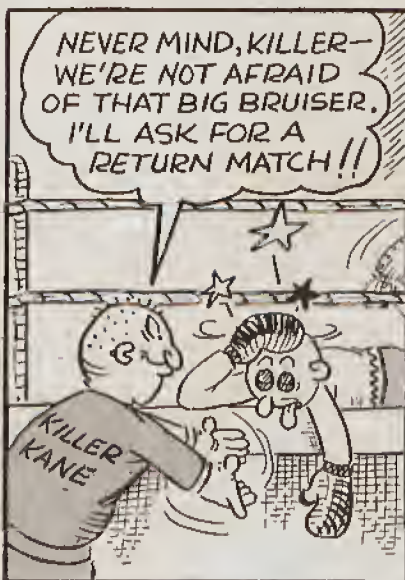
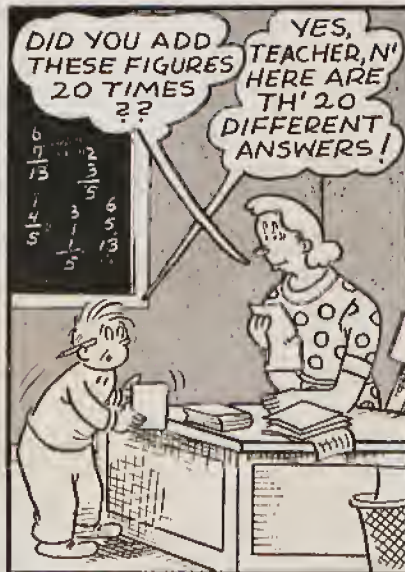
Take Speedy Wheeler's advice and see for yourself the smooth, sleek lines, a host of advanced improvements, and a lot of new features that no other bicycles have—everything you could want for the ride of a lifetime. And, a brief trial spin will convince you it's the finest bicycle your money can buy. Insist on a Schwinn-Built Bicycle—you'll be happy you did.



1762 N. Kildare Ave.,
Chicago 39

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,

4 MOST FUN



Boys Girls **CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE**



FELLOWS!

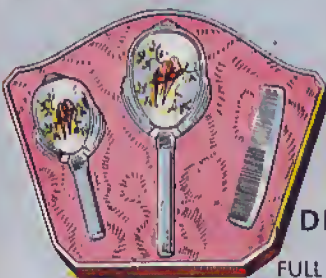
This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1 50 extra SUPPLY LIMITED



FALCON CAMERA

with Carrying Case

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1 00 extra



DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of American seeds



PEN & PENCIL SET

A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order



STURDY AXE,

with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous 'Chemcraft' Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



Famous "Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1 00 extra.



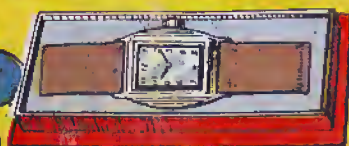
Swivel Head Flashlight

"Nothing else like it" Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds



WRIST WATCH

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1 50 extra



OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and

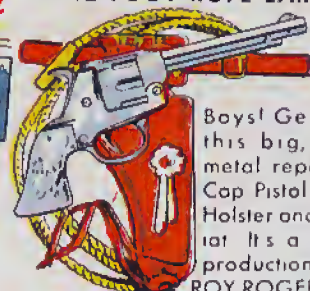
Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



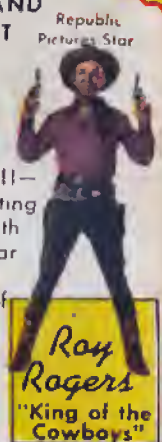
A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE,

with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge bottle opener. Sell one order

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1 50 extra



Roy Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 434, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 434 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R F D Box or Street No _____

City _____

State _____

MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

shown in our big prize sheet, GENE AUTRY GUITAR BRACELETS BIBLE

OVERNIGHT BAG POOL TABLE ALARM CLOCK POCKET WATCH ARCHERY SET

OUR 29th YEAR

4 MOST

V6:2

SP. 1947

COVER NINA ALBRIGHT *

DICK COLE	Jim Wilcox *	14
4 MOST FUN	MILT HAMMER	2
LEM THE GREN	NINA ALBRIGHT *	8
EDISON BELL	HAROLD DELAY	7
HOW TO MAKE: TUNNEL; GIRDER BRIDGE	RAY GILL *	2
TIMID TIM	ART HELFANT *	2
THE CADET	NINA ALBRIGHT *	10
TWO-TON OTOOLE	ART HELFANT *	1